



THE
AMOROUS TRAVELLERS,
OR THE
Night-Adventures.

PART I.

CHAP. I.



He pleasant Month of *April* had already enriched the spacious Plains with so flourishing a Tapestry, that the Earth (like a half-starved Beggar, grown proud by new Preferment) being now freed from a rigorous Winter, seemed to vie Glory with the Heavens themselves, whether the multitudes of Stars of the one, or the abundance of Violets, Cowslips,

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slips, and Jessamins, and other various
 coloured Flowers of the Season, of the
 other, should cast the more delightful lu-
 stre: And however the Stars might chal-
 lenge a greater glory by night, yet in this
 the Earth had by day a greater advantage
 over their nocturnal beauty, that to her o-
 ther Rarities, she had usually though not
 so many Stars as the Heavens, yet to mortal
 eyes those that were far more fair; I
 mean the sparkling Eyes of those Troops
 of Ladies that daily frequented the Fields,
 attended by their Lovers, for the pleasure of
 the Walks. The Chrystal Rivulets (enamel-
 led with thousands of delightful Flowers
 that overspread the Banks) seemed to stop
 their courses to enjoy the delightful Mus-
 sic of the Nightingal, and the agreeable
 Harmony of other little Birds. Already
Flora, and she to whom the *Romans* attri-
 buted the *Cornucopia*, had gilded and paint-
 ed with admirable industry the Plains and
 Gardens, the Fruit-trees and Orchards,
 and that with a greater variety of Colours
 than ever adorned the Landschape of the
 skilfullest Painter; When one day as the
 dawning began to advise the sluggish Tra-
 veller that the Light which entred his
 Chamber

Chamber proceeded from the approach-
 ing Sun, and not from the declining Moon;
 there parted from *Ubeda*, a Town of that
 part of the so fertile and renowned Pro-
 vince of *Betica* which is now called *An-*
daluzia, a Cavalier, the most signal of that
 Town, to go to the Court of *Philip* the Se-
 cond at *Madrid*, to receive the Order of the
 Golden Fleece, to which the Merits and
 Services of his Ancestors had intitled him,
 resolving not to leave the Court without
 that honourable Badge: And knowing
 that Court-pretensions are usually accom-
 panied with tedious delays, he thought it
 would conduce to the passing more plea-
 santly the time which he must needs bestow
 on that pursuit, to carry along his Wife
 and Family with him.

Don Sebastian (so was this Cavalier cal-
 led) had not yet attained the 25 year of his
 age; a man of so excellent a Meen, and
 every way so compleat in all the Accom-
 plishments that render a Cavalier com-
 mendable, that had he not been too much
 inclined to the *Cyprian* sports, his severest
 Enemies could scarce have found in him
 one sole default, or the least defect.

All these Graces and rare Perfections,

joyned to an ample Revenue, which his Parents (lately deceased) had left him, quickly put him in possession of a Wife, for Accomplishments, Riches, and Noble Descent every way his equal. Besides, *Donna Margarita* (so was she called) was Mistress of an incomparable Beauty, compounded of all the most admired graces and sweet attractions, which placed her in the chief rank of all the Ladies of *Andaluzia*; and so young that she had not yet seen the 17 year of her age, nor the second of her marriage. Yet could not all these sweets and rarities content *Don Sebastian's* ranging humour, whose depraved appetite often quitted his own pure White-bread, to feed on that whose course out-side and unsavoury taste would offend the most hungry Beggar; which caused this poor Lady to pass her time very discontentedly, wanting those Contentments which her Youth desired, and Beauty deserved, since her unjust and disloyal Husband unworthily bestowed on others what was justly due to none but her, leaving her alone to deplore in her own Beauty the want of those Satisfactiones which he enjoyed in anothers.

This young Couple in their Journey had already

already passed the high and rugged Mountains of *Sierra Morena*, when the Horses finding themselves in an even Plain, began to go so chearfully, and draw the Coach so swiftly, though heavy loaden, that they arrived at *Viso* before Sun-set. The Coachmen were desirous to pass further, but *Donna Margareta's* delicate Body, wearied with Travel, and disordered by the jogging of the Coach, made her desirous to stay there. They therefore alighted from the Coach, and the Coachmen and Attendants having disposed of their Carriages, and given Meat to their Horses (being acquainted with the Host by often travelling that way) saw the Chambers made ready, and gave order for Supper, which was quickly prepared for the Table, because all that was necessary they brought along with them (as is the custom in *Spain* (or ought to be so) amongst those that are not ambitious to be famish'd.)

Whilst the Spit was turning, and the Cloth laying, *Donna Margareta* was entertaining her self with her Waiting-maids about the excessive height of the Mountains of that Countrey, painting them out more prodigious than those of *Armenia*. Her

Husband, on the other side, was discouraging with a wondrous fair Niece of the Host, not, as some may imagine of Affairs of State, or the Siege of *Ostend*, but only of some stratagem how to pass the ensuing night together in less dangerous Encounters. The young Girl defended her self against his Assaults, by telling him, That she was but newly married, and that her Husband, who was then in the Countrey, might, for ought she knew, return that night. These words, though seeming obstacles, so inflamed our Cavalier, that he was absolutely determined, or rather transported by his passion, to a resolution never to give over the Assault till he had won the Fort, and brought the Maintainer of it to yield at discretion. Finally, it was appointed by our two Warriors to meet at the Field of Battel, the Bed of the absent Husband, at eleven a clock at night, which would be the time when all others in the House would be retired to their Lodgings. The appointment thus made, *Don Sebastian* went to his Wifes Chamber, who seeing him enter with so pleasant a look, asked him whence he came. He, who in such occasions never wanted Excuses to conceal his

his Vices, answered (as confidently as a Comedian that is perfect in his Part) I was hearing some News which a Gentleman newly come from Court was talking of below; and really he did it with so good a grace, that if a Cavalier which came to see him had not interrupted him, I would not for any thing in the World have lost the end of the Narration, I took such delight to hear him discourse. Prethee, my Dear (said *Donna Margareta*) tell me what he talk'd of, whilst Supper is making ready. There's no time for that, answered a Page (as opportunely as if he had been expressly called for that purpose) for 'tis just ready; and, if you please, we will serve it up presently. Well, let us go to Supper, said *Don Sebastian*; we shall have time enough for this Story to morrow.

They sat down, and fell to. *Catalina* (for so for the future we shall call the Hosts fair Niece) waited at the Table, and the better to conceal her passion, had her eyes for the most part fixed on the earth, lest their motion should betray her affection; and the force of imagination of her intended delights struck such an impression upon her spirit, that she even melted like the

Snow by the heat of the Sun; and sometimes casting her eyes upon *Donna Margareta*, and seeing her endowed with so charming a Beauty, she could not but say within her self, Alas ! my dearest Friend, I fear I shall miss the enjoyment of thee this night ; for vanquish'd with the sweet Careless of so sovereign a Beauty, how canst thou chuse but pass it (like the Elm embraced by the amorous Vine) clasped in those lovely Arms ?

Don Sebastian was in like distress, sometimes by stealth casting amorous glances at *Catalina* ; and sometimes he forgot himself so far, that he could not possibly withdraw his eyes from so charming an object : And indeed there is no cause to wonder at his astonishment ; for *Catalina* was for Beauty an invaluable Pearl, and her black Eyes so lively and sparkling, that the reflection cast by a Looking-glass swiftly moved against the Sun, had not a quicker motion than they, when she sometimes moved them. Finally, she was compleatly proper for the purpose for which *Don Sebastian* designed her.

The Table-discourse ended with the Supper ; for *Don Sebastian* counterfeiting
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the false Sentinel, nodded, and several times let fall a Book he held in his hand, * like a Crane overcome by sleep. *Donna Margareta* taking notice of *Don Sebastian's* drowsiness, and remembering that he had told her he intended to be early up in the morning, thought fit to mind him of going to bed. *Don Sebastian* no sooner heard that, but he answered her, rising from his Chair, Go thou to bed, my Dear, and I'll but go down to my Coachmen and Grooms, to bid them retire presently, because we must be stirring very early in the morning, that we may be at *Ciudad Real* betimes to morrow; and I'll be with thee presently. Having spoke to his Servants, he found means to speak with *Catalina*, and entertain himself with her a while: Which done, having appointed an Hour, and she shown him her Chamber, he returned to his own, where he found his Wife already laid. Being unclothed, he dismiss'd the Attendants, shut the Door, and went to bed, where he was no sooner laid, but he feigned as profound a sleep, as if

* Naturalists observe, that when a Flock of Cranes would sleep securely, one of them is set Sentinel, which lest she should be surprized by sleep, holds up a stone as high as she can with her foot.

if he had watch'd a fortnight together with a sick person. This sudden surrender to Sleeps assaults was not very pleasing to his Wife, who perhaps expected a more solemn Good-night ; but she knew his humour so well, that to approach nearer him would rather offend him than advantage her ; so that the fear of displeasing him accommodating her present desire to her future hopes, that the morning would restore her what the evenings drowsiness had deprived her of, in this agreeable imagination sleep slid so gently into her fair eyes, that it kept her as fast bound, (though in gentler chains) as if she had been captive to his younger Brother Death. There were no other Strangers this Night in the Inn (though one of the best in the Countrey) but *Don Sebastian* and his Train, which caused all the Family to be in bed before eleven, there in a pleasant repose paying the Tribute due to Nature. The beauteous *Catalina* lay listning more attentively, to hear if her beloved *Don Sebastian* knocked at her Door, than a sick Person when the Physician near his Beds head pronounceth to some of his Friends or Kindred the Sentence of his Life or Death : Nor would a
be-

benighted Traveller undergo a greater inquietude in a tedious expectation of Day, in which only he could be delivered from an abyfs of dangers with which he fees himself invironed, than ſhe ſuffered in her languiſhing expectation. But ſhe had no cauſe to deſpair, having ſo diligent a Servant as *Don Sebastian*, who leaving his Wife, with a face more ſerene and lovely than *Aurora*, opened the Door with as little noiſe as was poſſible, and (like a certain Thief, who going one night to rob his Neighbour's Houſe, left open the Door of his own, through which ſome of his own Profeſſion entred, and ſtole away all he had worth carrying) leaving it open, march'd away ſo gently, that the Floor could ſcarce-ly feel him. Being arrived at his Miſtriſſes Chamber-door, he call'd her as low as was poſſible, and inſtantly felt it opened and himſelf embraced by her. He ſtaid not long to recount the cuſtomary amorous follies of Lovers, for the exquisite pleaſure he felt prevented him; nor could he have done it if he had gone about it, for the multitude of raviſhing kiſſes and embraces which our new-married *Catalina* gave him: Therefore taking her in his arms,

arms, without ever removing his lips from hers, they both went to bed together. But let us leave them here, to speak of that which my Pen has been a great while desirous to write.

About half an hour after our Cavalier had left his Wife for another Man's, one of his Pages, about 18 years old, and as beauteous as *Narcissus*, rose from his Bed to make water; but wanting a Pot, and being half asleep, and not knowing where to do it without leaving a mark of his unmannerliness, to contradict the common opinion of the World, which without respect of any, though of the most civilized sort, will not allow any of them to have the least share either of civility or good manners, he went down to the Court-yard; and there satisfying Nature's necessity, made it appear, that he surpassed his Camerades in good Breeding.

Don Sebastian had his Appartment in a great Gallery of the House, into which three Chambers opened: In the third, as being the best, he lay himself, and his Wife; in the second, the Pages; and in the first, the Waiting-maids; and in the other Chambers in the Inn, being of less consequence,

quence, lay the ordinary Servants. The Page having dispatch'd his affairs, and returning to his Bed, being scarce fully awake, mistook his Mistriss's Chamber for his own, and after he had groped by the Walls a good while for the Bed, he at last found it, and lay down. He had not been long there, but *Donna Margareta* awaked at the rustling he had made amongst the Clothes as he lay down; and thinking it had been her Husband, she embraced him closely, saying, Lord, my Dear, how cold thou art! And then putting her Feet betwixt his to warm them, made him a thousand Caresses. The Page thought his Camerade had been in a Dream, and had done and said these extravagances fancying himself in bed with a Girl; but feeling her hands by degrees approaching the most sensible parts of his Body, with more pleasant enticements than that Goddess (of whom the *Cytherean* Isle has taken its name) used to her *Adonis*, and hearing these words, Turn thee to me, Dearest, and be not so cruel to me as to refuse me thy embraces: Wilt thou not, my Love? Alas! what's the reason? At this Discourse the Page found he was deceived, and that she
that

that made him those tender caresses, and close embraces, was his Mistress.

He remained at first almost dead with fear ; but having recollected his spirits, he imagined how the case stood, having seen the night before the amorous and wanton caresses which passed betwixt his Master and *Catalina*. She asked him whence he came ; but he held his peace, hoping that when she perceived he made no answer, she would fall asleep again, and give him an opportunity to steal out of the Chamber. But her mind being wholly bent upon pleasure, instead of moderating the excess of her amorous passion, gave her fresh torments, and those so piquant, that being not able to resist the violence of their ardour, she redoubled her amorous enticements to our supposed *Don Sebastian* ; who being heated with these delicious temptations, began to move, like a frozen Snake laid to a Fire : And indeed had it been a Marble Statue, or a *Timon Misanthropos*, sworn Enemy to all Man and Woman-kind, being embraced by those lovely Arms more white than Alabaster, kissed by Lips more fresh and ruddy than the Rose or Lily, and enticed by Words sweeter than

Honey,

Honey, it had been enough to infuse Life into the former, and make the later for the present suspend his hatred, and be reconciled to so fair an Enemy.

So this young man, who had so often admired his Mistress's Beauty, finding himself now so near her, that a *Lynx* his eyes would have been puzzled to distinguish whether they were one sole Body or two conjoyned, without any more delay shut his eyes to the injury he did his Master, in enriching himself with the richest Jewel he possess'd, turning to her, kissed sometimes her Alabaster Neck, sometimes her snowie Breasts, and sometimes her Lips more red than Coral, without being able to distinguish which of them gave him the more delightful taste, and ravishing content: upon which she whispered him, If thou desirest to give me life, and all sorts of contentments with it, let us proceed to the consummation of our Loves. Who now could be so far insensible, even beyond the dulness of Lead or Stone, who seeing so extraordinary and ravishing a Beauty become his Suppliant, would not have imitated this our Fresh-water-Soldier, in doing what she desired. The more than ordinary

dinary strict embraces, somewhat beyond those of her Husband ; the reiterated kisses, and wanton gestures, which of a long time past he had given over in those affairs, wrought some confusion in our *Donna Margareta*, and a violent suspicion of her mistake. The Page at that present, after the act, found himself so afflicted with apprehensions of what might ensue, that he could not but fancy his Master's Poniard in his Throat, for a reward of his good Service. To discover himself to his Mistress, and beg her pardon, he durst not ; and to steal away without her knowledge, he was afraid she might discover it in the morning by some innocent raillery with her Husband upon the passages of that night, and by that means unwittingly discover that, which could not come into open air without his Life to accompany it. These fearful apprehensions did so perplex his soul, that it was an even wager whether his past pleasure or present fear were greater, till the former found means to dissipate the latter by the invention of this following Stratagem.

Donna Margareta had a Waiting-woman for Beauty and Parts much exceeding most
of

of her rank, who had a most signal love for this Page, whose gratitude joyned with her merits, wrought in him a reciprocal affection, testified by his caresses to her, the most endearing his fancy or affection could afford. Their Master had had intelligence of these Amours, who being desirous to keep his Family clear of such Vices (though you cannot but find how negligent he was to begin with himself) had under the strictest penalties forbidden the continuance of this familiarity, or a further privacy in their Amours, suspecting their designs in those affairs to tend to the same end with his. *Valerio* (so was our Page called) endeavouring to cloke this present fault by one which was already but too well known, would undeceive his Mistress in that affair, which would be the ruine of them both if discovered to his Master by her ignorance; and finding her more than ordinarily astonish'd, and altogether silent, embracing her more straitly than before, he first broke silence, speaking to her as if he had meant it to another.

"I durst never hope, dearest *Chimera*,
 " (this was the Girl's name) so happy a
 " reception from thee, fearing that our
 " Master's

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" Master's threats had ere this rooted out
 " of thy heart all the affection there plant-
 " ed for me : But since I see thy affection
 " so immovable (said he, and sealed it with a
 " kiss) believe me, my dear Soul, that if no-
 " thing less could purchase thy embraces
 " than the passing a more dangerous
 " Straight than that which *Leander* stemm'd
 " to enjoy his beloved *Hero*, the reward I
 " receive in possessing thee, would make
 " the attempt the most inconsiderable
 " thing imaginable. But what is the mat-
 " ter (said he again, reiterating his kisses)
 " my dearest Life ? Why art thou silent ?
 " Or whence proceeds this astonishment ?
 " Knowest thou not that thy Companion,
 " though she may perhaps have espied our
 " secrets, is the faithful Secretary of our
 " Amours, and would as soon die as dis-
 " cover them. On the other side, our Ma-
 " ster, altogether ignorant of what has
 " passed, now finds himself happy in the
 " enjoyment of that lovely Girl thou sawest
 " wait at Table the last night. As for our
 " Mistress, there is no fear of her, who,
 " poor Lady, is at present fast asleep, little
 " suspecting the Treason of her ingrateful
 " Husband. With these and such like
 words,

words, often interrupted by the kisses and embraces he gave her, without leaving any part of her lovely face untouched by his lips, she easily found this was not her Husband. At these last words the poor Lady remained more astonished at her Husbands miscarriage and her own misfortune, than *Alcmena* of old, when *Jupiter* had enjoyed her under the form of *Amphitryo*.

But seeing there was no remedy; and that if by so strange an accident she had broken her faith and bonds of Marriage; the fault lay not on her side, but that all ought to be imputed to her Husband, to whom God would give the just chastisement of his sin by the same means by which he offended others; she then taking a Pendant from her ear, which she had forgot to lay by at her going to bed, put it in his hand, saying as low as she could, Take this Pendant, bold young man, by which to morrow morning thou wilt perceive the Treason thou hast acted against thy Master. Upon this the Page, without reply, left her Chamber to hasten to his own, where arriving, without being seen by any one, he shut the door after him, and (void of those joys or fears he found with his former Bed-

fellow) laid down by his Camerade, who
 had slept all the while like a Dormouse;
 his joy being thus doubly augmented, by
 the thoughts of having enjoyed so eminent
 a Beauty, and avoided so evident a danger,
 like a Slave, who in stead of undergoing a
 miserable Captivity till the payment of his
 Ransom, finds his Liberty advantageously
 restored, by the augmentation of a mass
 of Treasure. And what more immense
 riches, or more grand felicity could one
 imagine, to give so complete a satisfaction
 to a Youth of the age of our fortunate *Val-
 lerio*, than the sweet embraces of so com-
 plete a Beauty as our *Donna Margareta*.
 Also this spruce young Blade, being of an
 excellent humour, did acknowledge the
 incomparable engagement he had to For-
 tune for so signal a favour, and forgetting
 the peril he before endured, he would
 willingly have dared the Rocks and Waves
 in the same Vessel in which his Heart was
 now embarked, if he could but promise
 himself to find another so favourable re-
 ception.

Donna Margareta considering *Valerio's*
 ready wit and comely stature, his beaute-
 ous complexion and admirable discretion,

was so far from being displeased at what was past, that she preferr'd her Revenge far before her Honour, rejoicing that she had thus quitted scores with her faithless Husband, whom she attended every moment : But seeing the Captain of her Fort came not, she accused her own indiscretion for having dismiss'd so valiant a Lieutenant, who was now endeavouring to recruit by a profound sleep the strength he had lost in his former service.

Let us leave him sleeping, and her also to veil her sparkling eyes with her lovely eye-lids ; and let us return to our *Don Sebastian*, who in the mean time suffers under a Bed miseries enough to balance the pleasures he had enjoyed upon it, for the reasons you shall understand in the ensuing Chapter.

CHAP. II.

DOn *Sebastian* had not yet pass'd two hours with his beauteous *Catalina*, but her Husband came knocking at the further Gate of the Inn, close by the Stables, which was too far from his Wifes Bed-chamber for the noise to approach her ears. He did not knock there long; for the Ostler who lay over the Stable heard him the first stroke, and had let him in before he needed to make a second. Being entred, he only took off his Portmanteau, and recommended his Horse to the Ostlers care, and taking a Candle, went directly to his Wifes Chamber, where our two Lovers were bound in stronger chains than those that ensnated *Mars* and the Queen of Love. He knocked twice or thrice at the door; but the Wife, who was just then in the height of her speed at her delicious exercise, was not at leisure to answer him, but, like a Woman of good forecast in affairs, resolved not to begin another, till she had finish'd what she was about: At last hearing the *Open the door*, and knock-
ings

ings against it shewr like Hail, making as if she had been newly awaked from a sound sleep, she answered, in words pronounc'd like one half asleep, half waking, Who is there? 'Tis I, said the Husband. Who are you, quoth *Catalina*? 'Tis I, I tell thee, replied *Roderigo* (that was his name) hast thou forgot me? These last words rendered her more certain who was at the door, than able to open it, every syllable being a Dagger which seem'd to pierce as deep into her heart as her ears; and all she could then think on to save her self and *Don Sebastian*, was to make him seek his safety under that Bed upon which he had so lately enjoyed so much delight: And then seeming to be throughly awake, she answered, O *Roderigo*, my dear heart, thou art happily arrived; stay but a while, till I rise. This while *Don Sebastian* had time to get under the Bed; but with such surprize and astonishment, that he forgot his Cloke that lay upon the Table.

She opening the door, her Husband entered, who intending to shew her some Toys he had bought her, laid his Portmanteau upon the Table, which he seeing furnish'd with other things, went to clear

it, that he might have more room to display his VVare; where, by misfortune, the first thing he laid hands on was the Cloke.

The Wife considering the extreme danger which her Friends negligence had brought upon them both, if not remedied by her, her ingenuity quickly infused into her this sudden effort of female subtilty: I dare wager, said she, I have left something there; and coming nearer, and taking the Cloke, she began to cross her self infinitely, saying Lord, Lord! was there ever such a Sot as I, to leave that there so openly! If any one but you had entred, I had paid dear for my negligence. The Husband amazed at his Wifes astonishment, and crossing her self in that manner, (as if his Horns had made her take him for a Devil) said to her, What means this Cloke, and all this ado? I'll tell thee (said the subtile Gypsie): But stay, continued she, opening the door and looking out, let us beware that none hears us; and shutting it again she began as followeth.

"Dost thou not remember a Cavalier
 "that lay here a while ago on his way to
 "Sevil? What, Cavalier, said he? A
 "young

“ young Gentleman, said she, which was
 “ here about a Month ago, in a Tawney
 “ Cloth Sure embroidered with Gold,
 “ mounted upon a Bay Horse, with a laced
 “ Saddle, with gilded Bit and Stirrops. I
 “ have forgot, said he. Lord, said she,
 “ what a memory hast thou ! I’le lay thee
 “ a VVager I’le make thee call him to
 “ mind. And thereupon opening her
 Trunk, she took out a Silver Cup which
 her Husband had stole from that Cavaliers
 Butler which she spoke of, and shewing it
 him, said, “ The Master of this Cup is he
 “ I mean of. Oh, oh, said he, I remember
 “ him now. This same Cavalier, said she,
 “ passed this way again about eight days
 “ ago, with all his Train ; and because it
 “ grew late, and the weather was very
 “ rainy, he was constrained to take up
 “ here : and as soon as they were lighted,
 “ every one fell to untrussing their Bag-
 “ gage : But one of the Cavaliers being
 “ troubled to get off his Portmanteau, by
 “ reason of a hard knot on the Cord that
 “ tied it, laid by his Cloke upon a Bench
 “ in the Yard, that he might the better un-
 “ do the knot : So having untied and ta-
 “ ken it off, he gave his Horse to an Ostler,
 “ and

"and went in with his Portmanteau, for-
 "getting his Cloke. I, who watch'd him
 "carefully hard by, espying his negligence,
 "seeing the Coast clear, went and snatch'd
 "up the Cloke, and lock'd it up so close
 "that none has seen it since. There came
 "in immediately after a Parcel of Carri-
 "ers, and so many others with them, that
 "the House was filled in an instant.

"About an hour after, this Cavalier
 "remembring the Cloke, returned to seek
 "it at the place where he had left it; but
 "to no more purpose than to seek a grain
 "of Mustard-seed in a great heap of Stones
 "at midnight, or a Bird after she has left
 "her Nest. It was to no purpose to curse
 "or complain; for I had laid it up safe
 "enough, and hearing him inquire for it,
 "told him, it was to small purpose to
 "look for it now, for if he had left it
 "there, he might be sure it was stole be-
 "fore this time, And he considering how
 "hard it was now to retriue it, there ha-
 "ving been so many People there passing
 "to and again, returned to his Chamber,
 "and confessed by his silence that he could
 "blame none but himself, and so abando-
 "ned it to the Thieve's mercy. In fine, I
 "have

"have kept it here close lock'd up ever
 "since, till this evening, that, as I was
 "going to bed, I took it out, the better
 "to come at thy clean Linen and best
 "Clothes, which I have laid thee there
 "ready against to morrow, thinking thou
 "wouldest not fail to return to night, and
 "I was so heedless to forget to put it up
 "again; and now I warrant thou'lt go sell
 "it, as thou hast done other things, with-
 "out giving me a share (said she, some-
 "what frowning) and so concluded her well-
 framed Lie.

Roderigo fell a laughing heartily at these
 words, and as one that would not have
 spared it at such an opportunity, though
 the Bench had been an Altar, said to her
 very jocundly, There's no need to take care
 to provide for thee, that hast such tricks to
 shift for thy self. By my faith, this Cloke
 might become *S. George* himself: We'll
 sell it, and part the money betwixt us.
 And turning about to see that none heard
 him, Upon my soul, said he, the Cloke's
 as well worth twenty Crowns, as a Thief's
 worth a Rope: But tell me one thing, for
 God's sake, Does thy Uncle know nothing
 of this? My Uncle, said she, with a Pox
 to

to him, didst thou think me such a fool? If he had known of it, he would not have been contented under half share. That's well, said *Roderigo*; for I do not intend him a Penny of it, by my good will: And to-morrow I intend to go sell it either at *Sante Cruz* or *Almagro*.

Don Sebastian hearing *Catalina's* subtilty, than which nothing else could have averted the present danger, was well contented with the loss of his Cloke, and would willingly it were worth thrice as much, and the Husband gone to sell it, as he said, upon condition he were delivered from the present danger, which had not put him into so great a heat at first, but he found himself now sufficiently cold, by lying all along in his Shirt upon the ground, which, though not much his friend, yet made him almost think he should scarce ever part from it alive.

See here to what perils they expose themselves, who forsaking God, and despising his Commandments, launch out from that safe Harbour, into the tempestuous Sea of unchaste Love. What *Damon* guided this Cavalier to neglect the enjoyment of a Lady that might vie Beauty with
Venus,

Venus, Wit with *Minerva*, and Chastity (had not he been Bawd to his own dishonour) with *Diana*, which added to his other enjoyments were enough to complete all worldly felicity, infringing the sacred Law of Marriage made by the great Lawgiver in *Eden*, and whose bounty had so amply rewarded him with such pleasure in the performance, to follow with the hazard of Soul, Body, and Reputation, these unclean pleasures, which were by God forbidden upon pain of damnation. Vain man! As if the displeasure of God that precedes, the dangers that accompany, and that repentance that succeeds this forbidden fruit, were the only advantage for which thou prefer'st it above the lawful. But to proceed.

Roderigo having done talking with his Wife, was going to uncloath himself for bed, there to pass the five Hours yet remaining betwixt then and morning; but she foreseeing how hard it would be for her to open the door, or the poor Cavalier to pass out through it undiscovered, was forced to bethink her self of another shift, to give him a more certain Passport from his present Purgatory, which was as follows.

O,

O, my dear, (said the subtle *Catalina*) I had forgot to tell thee I could have given thee a taste of the most excellent *Rabadabia* Wine that ever thou hast seen or tasted; and that thou maist judge whether I give it too large an Eulogy, before thou puttest off thy Clothes go down into the Kitchen, where thou'lt find a Bottle of it, and a Partridge Leg upon a Pewter Plate. And whence comes all this Good Cheer, said he? A Cavaliers Lady, said she, that lies in the House sent it me last night at Supper. And is there no body come with her, said he? Why dost thou ask, replied the Wife? Why? because (said he) thou speakest of her only, as though she were come by herself. Why, said she, what occasion had I to speak of him, since I had nothing to do with him, but the Wife, in this Discourse? But what need all these words about nothing? 'Tis because I considered with my self (said the Husband) that if she had been alone, it might be worth my time to try my fortune with her. What fortune shouldst thou think to find there, Blockhead, said *Catalina*, but at the first extravagance thou shouldest begin to utter to her, her Nails should make thy Eyes pay for thy Tongues

Tongues impertinence; and to make up the full payment of thy impudence, make her Servants reward thee with a Bastinado? Fair and softly, good *Catalina* (replied *Roderigo*) if the Cuckold her Husband were by, he durst not take this privilege. Good Lord, (said the Wife) I am afraid that ill Tongue of thine will some time give the rest of thy Body cause to curse it: But hold, what noise is that? Pox take him (said *Roderigo*) 'tis an Oyl-seller; the wide-throated Dog makes such a noise, that I fancy his very words spoil all my Clothes: As God judge me, if I catch him again in the Street disturbing the people at this time of night, I'll—but I'll say no more; for this long Discourse, and the remembrance of this Divine Liquor have wrought such an alteration in my Throat, that if the Bottle come not quickly, it had as good stay away till Doomsday. Thou wert best go take it presently then, said she; but I wish it be scaped from the roguish Boy that help'd to wait last night, for he loves Wine as he does his Life, and is as ravenous as a Wolf; and if it be there now, and remain till morning, he'll be as sure to be at it then, as I shall

shall be to go to Mass on *Sunday*. But I'll prevent him, if it be possible (said the Husband) for before God I have more need on't my self; for besides my thirst, it is above six months since I have tasted any of it, which does justly bear a greater price than any other in *Spain*. And as he was talking on in this manner, he was stooping down to look for a Slipper which was slid under the Beds-feet amongst some Implements that lay there; but he could not find it without a Candle, and was therefore going to take one off from the Table. *Catalina* seeing her self upon the brink of Perdition, without a sudden invention, leap'd quickly out of the Bed, and snatching hastily the Candle out of his hand, said, Is't possible thou canst not find a Slipper under half an hours time? and looking about the Table, removed the things that lay there, to see if she could find it. *Roderigo* vexed to see his Wife run bare-foot round the Room, said to her in a fury, God's my life, I think thou 'rt besides thy self; what needest thou to come out of the Bed, and then to run about bare-foot thus? Thou hast a mind to get a Distemper that will cost us all we have to cure. Get

Get thee to Bed, and trouble thy self no further ; I hope in God my eyes are good enough yet to find a Slipper without the help of thine.

What case *Don Sebastian* was then in, he that hath ever been in like dangerous exigents may easily imagine ; for undoubtedly, if *Catalina* as she went had not pretended to stumble at the Portmanteau, and thrown down the Candle at the instant her Husband demanded it to look under the Bed, all had been irreparably lost, beyond the help of her crafts and subtilties.

Whilst the Husband in a rage was taking up the Candlestick and Candle, *Catalina* coming to the Bed, put her Arm under to grope for the Slipper, and catch'd *Don Sebastian* by the Foot, who thinking it had been her Husband, was ready to betake himself to his last remedy, and with a Poniard he had brought along with him force his passage from that danger through the Heart of *Roderigo* ; but hearing no words from them that touch'd him, it wrought a calmer-resolve in him : so that *Catalina* having found the Slipper, gave it to her Husband with a thousand Curses, which were not all capable to do it so
D much

much mischief as it had like to have done her. *Roderigo* had by this time taken up the Candle and Candlestick, and proffer'd them several times to the Devil (if he had had the manners to accept them) for leaving him in the dark. The Wife too, being laid down again, asked him whether he was a fool or bewitch'd, that had not the wit to go light it again. He then ask'd her if there were any Fire in the Kitchen. What an impertinent question is that (said she?) Didst thou ever know it without? So *Roderigo* went straight thither to light his Candle. He was no sooner gone, but *Catalina* leap'd out of the Bed, to conduct her Lover from under it; who being delivered, staid there no longer but to take his last leave of her: And though the cold had almost taken away his senses, he found himself the most overjoyed man in the world, being delivered from so straight and nasty a Prison, though carrying along with him more Gnats and Fleas on his Body, than Hairs on his Head, enough to stock an Hospital; and carrying along a stink of Piss sufficient to infect the Air about him; and withal so pale and shivering, that he was more like a dismal Apparition

parition than a Man, so intolerable was
 the torture he had undergone for the space
 of two Hours or thereabouts : But all
 these mischiefs were easily amended by the
 help of a little repose, and therefore no-
 thing comparable to that of the Page,
 which was for ever irreparable. Finding
 himself in this estate, it went against his
 conscience to approach his Wife in so nasty
 a pickle ; he thought it fitter to go to the
 Pages Chamber, where knocking once or
 twice, he that had robb'd him of his Ho-
 nour in his Wifes Chastity, whose thoughts
 of what had pass'd had kept him waking,
 answered, Who is there ? But hearing by
 the answer that it was his Master, he was
 quite astonish'd ; and the guilt of his fault
 frightening him with a fear of punishment,
 infused into his Brain, that his Mistris had
 discovered all to his Master, who was now
 come to wash off the Offence with his
 Blood : His Fear therein blinding his Rea-
 son, to think that *Donna Margareta*, whom
 he knew to be so wise and discrete, would
 discover so great an infamy to him, from
 whom of all Persons she had the most
 cause to hide it, who being the most inter-
 ested in it, was most likely to make them

both feel the effects of his vengeance ;
 that she who would rather have suffered the
 bitterest torments, than reveal the least
 tittle, should unconstrained discover all.
 But this young sinner was so troubled in
 spirit, and his Courage had so left him,
 that he was quickly covered over with
 cold sweat, fearfully trembling, like one
 half dying of a Fever, whose cold sweat
 denote the desperate state of the Patient.
 Having none but that Door to the Chamber,
 nor no Window big enough to look
 out at, he went and opened it, and at the
 same time was ready to kneel down to his
 Master to beg pardon for his Infidelity,
 but by the light of the Moon, which was
 then in the increase, seeing his Visage
 mortified and meager, that he seemed
 more like a half-starved Beggar, than
 a man puff'd up with Passion, or transported
 with Jealousie, recovering his breath, and
 recollecting his Courage, he framed him-
 self the best he could to answer his Master,
 who perceiving his disorder, demanded the
 reason. Sir, (answered the Page, with a
 trembling voice, and suitable gesture) the
 seeing of you in this condition put me in
 such a disorder, that I fear the remaining

part of the night will hardly settle me ; for at first not knowing you , I thought it had been some evil Spirit come from the other World to chastize me for my Sins.

Don Sebastian, though almost dead with cold, could hardly restrain his laughter at the words of the subtle Page ; and after a charge of secrecy, under the strictest pains, he recounted to him his late dangerous Adventure (who had not yet the manners or ingenuity to keep the Laws of Romance, in requiting him with a Narration of his) and bid him light a Fire to warm him a clean Shirt. There was, by good hap, some Sparks yet alive of the last nights Fire, with which (for want of other Fuel) the Page lighted some Straw which he pulled from under his Bed , wherewith his half-starved Master warmed himself the best he could. Having at once cast off his foul Shirt, and therewithall his numerous unwelcom Guests, and having smugged himself up the best he could, he went into his Chamber , slipping as silently into bed to his Wife, as the Snake that slides with his speckled skin over the polish'd Marble ; where we will for the present leave him, and return to *Catalina's* Husband *Roderigo*,

who had beed a long time puffing and blowing at a Cole, with Cheeks swelling out like a pair of Bagpipes (only now and then taking breath to curse) before he could light his Candle ; but at last, with much ado, having lighted it, and his thirst for the rare Bottle of Wine being highly inflamed by this toiling amongst Ashes and Fire, he leapt like Lightning to the Cupboard, his mouth watering extremely (which perhaps had been the cause he had been so long lighting his Candle) in expectation of the Dainties ; when, alas ! like the Alchymist in stead of the longed for Stone, after all his blowing the Coals, he found nothing but empty Alymbecks, the Bottle and Plate as empty as his Head or Belly, which made him presently think the Boy had deceived him, as his Wife feared ; for which cause, without second thoughts, he marched straight to the Bed, where finding the Boy sleeping, as innocent of the fact, as ignorant of the danger that attended him, he (without waking him in order to a Tryal) fell straight to Execution, which he performed unmeasurably, with a Cudgel he had found in the corner of the Kitchen. The Boy feeling the blows

show

showr down so thick upon him, thought it had been some of those roguish Spirits which he had often heard talk of, that haunted Countrey-houses in the night; and (knowing no better remedy for the present danger) fell to making as many Crosses, and invoking as many Saints as his Master gave him blows. The fear at first astonish'd him more than the blows; but the former vanish'd as the later encreased: so that feeling the hail encrease so fast, that it had almost broken his Ribs, and beaten his Flesh to a Mummy, which being no longer able to sustain, he leap'd suddenly out of the Bed, and presently knew his Master, who uttered these words, How did you like your *Rabadabia*, pray Sir, was it good? Was the Partridge leg well roasted and tender? I am sorry I could provide you no better Sawce than this. But the Boy, who neither understood this Heathen-Greek, nor the Riddle of the Bottle which his Master held in his left hand, still repeating these words, and other such like, turned his back to his Master, and his face towards the Stairs, and endangering his Neck to save his Shoulders, at two or three jumps was got down

Stairs, still (like a fearful Hind) thinking his Tormenter at his heels, whom he could not well tell whether he was mad or drunk, but judged the later by the empty Bottle. Having performed this unjust chastisement at the instigation of his Wife, who had made a Supper of that for which the Boy was so severely punish'd, and (as we said) used this trick to make way for her Gallant to escape; for she knew that the purchase of such Wine as she had described this to her Husband, and such Dainties, would encourage him to venture as far as the *Argonauts* for the Golden Fleece: After this (I say) *Roderigo* returned to Bed to his Wife, recounting to her what a Supper he had given the Boy for robbing him of his, which she approved of, saying, He well deserved it for his sawciness; alluring him, there was above a Quart in the Bottle; and for the Partridge, there was but a Leg; but it was not so valuable for the quantity as the quality, it being the best she ever saw. With these Discourses, and such like, followed by their Conjugal Caresses and ordinary Embraces, we will leave them to themselves (it being unfitting to be present at
what

what passed betwixt them) and return to our Page *Valerio*, who being come to himself again, and his Master gone from him, went to Bed, there to expect the approaching day, without sleeping; finding it better refreshing to him to ruminate on the delightful passages of that Night.

The End of the First Part.

THE



THE
AMOROUS TRAVELLERS,
OR THE
Night-Adventures.

PART II.

CHAP. I.



He lovely *Aurora* had already by the clarity of her Beams discovered the tops of the Mountains of *Sierra Morena*, when *Don Sebastian's* Coachmen, willing that their Master should see their diligence to obey his commands by their timely rising, went to knock at their Masters Chamber-door, to let him know they were ready, not doubting but he was so too,

too, that had given them such charge overnight; but the obscurity which through the Key-hole they perceived to be in the Room, answered them that they that were within were asleep still. They therefore returned back, and a while after came again, and were forced to return as at first. So that seeing they made no more haste to rise, they thought of no way better to pass that time, whilst our last-nights valiant Warriors continued Captives to Sleep, than in a good Breakfast and plentiful Mornings-draught.

Donna Margareta was the first that awaked, and remembering the passages of the night past, could scarce think them any other than a Dream: But the Pendant, and some other marks she found about her, certified her of the contrary. She would not awake her Husband (who slept like a man throughly wearied and spent with labour; and the noise he made in snoring testified to her the pleasure he took in his rest, and the pains he had taken that night to be as great as hers) but resolving to tell him that she never wak'd all night, but slept till six in the morning, she went to open the Door to her Chamber-maids, who

who were not far thence attending her call; and having let them in, they brought her her Clothes, and she begun to dress her self, and comb her lovely Hair, which hanging in curious Rings, as so many Snares, displayed more enticements than ever the most ingenious Painter could draw for the Picture of *Venus*.

Chimena being dressing her Locks, missed the Pendant, and told her it was lost, No (said *Donna Margareta*) for when it fell I took it up, and gave it to *Valerio* to keep for me; call him hither, and bid him bring it me. *Chimena* went to him presently, bidding him bring the Pendant his Mistress gave him to keep. *Valerio*, who understood his Ladys meaning, who used this trick, fearing that the opinion he might have of having laid with *Chimena*, might occasion his discovery to her what had pass'd, and so reveal that secret which if not kept close might ruine them both, went instantly to her Chamber, and gave it to her; which she taking with her delicate white Hand, the remembrances of what had passed the night before dyed her Rosie Cheeks into a deep Scarlet. *Valerio's* confusion also being no less than hers, made

made him not dare to look her in the face.

By this time *Don Sebastian* awaking, said to his Wife, My dear, prethee send word to the Coachmen and Grooms that they make not too much haste; for I find my self so indisposed, that it is impossible to rise yet, and I fear we shall hardly go hence till after Dinner. Alas! what is the matter with thee, Dearest, said *Donna Margareta*? Nothing but a little Head-ach, said *Don Sebastian*; but I hope it will quickly be well with a little rest: Onely prethee let all go out of the Chamber, or make the least noise they can in it, that I may rest quietly. Well, dearest, (said *Donna Margareta*, ordering the Maids to draw the Curtains and depart) I will go to Mass whilst you sleep: And without further stay, she and her Maids avoided the Room.

Having done her Devotion, as she returned towards her Lodging she saw a Cavalier, followed by three or four Horsemen, come riding towards her; and near the Cavalier she espied a Lady, the splendour of whose Habit bespake her of some Illustrious Family. She was mounted on a white Horse, with a Saddle of *Brazile-wood* as red as Coral, and richly gilded,
the

the Seat being of Crimson-Taffeta, laid thick with Gold and Silver Lace. She had a loose Riding-garment of Damask, all in-chas'd with Silver, and laced; her Gown-skirts of the same, and the Body of her Gown of Cloth of Gold, with a Hat all covered over with a gallant Plume, which astonished *Donna Margareta*, to see a Lady so advantageously habited and richly accoutred.

They passed near her; and though she was curiously regarding our fair Stranger, she could not discover her face, because it was most part covered with a white Taffeta Hood: but her gallant Meen, and graceful Carriage did evidently declare, that this Vail concealed as rare a Beauty. They saluted her very courteously, and the Cavalier said to the Lady he conducted, which we now spake of, as she passed close by *Donna Margareta*, Madam, this Country, though rough and mountainous, and fruitful in little else, does produce as beautiful Ladies as the richest, as you may perceive by this Lady behind us. By what I perceive (replied the Lady) she is not of this Countrey; or though she were, it is not the first time we have heard of lovely Nymphs

Nymphs (as without vanity we may term this) amongst rugged Mountains. I leave you to judge whether *Donna Margareta* were not well pleased with these words; but much more when she saw them stop before her Inn, because she was extremely desirous to see if this Ladies face were suitable to her other excellencies. The Cavalier was no sooner arrived at the Inn-gate, but he alighted from his Horse to help the Lady from hers, who at the same time asked the Host what a Clock it was, and taking off her Hood, discovered so beauteous a Face, and imbellished with so many Graces, that the splendour was enough to dazzle the beholders eyes. The Cavalier asked her if she would eat any thing; but she answered, she had more mind to repose her self, being somewhat weary with Travel.

The Host conducted them into a large Ground-room, where they were no sooner entred with all their Equipage, but the Cavalier went out, to enquire if a Cavalier and his Lady, and all their Train, that were going to Court, had not lain in the House the night before, because they heard at the foot of the Mountain that they were parted

parted from *Ubeda* the day before, and he should be glad to wait on them, because his Niece was desirous of the Ladies company, having heard of her Beauty and Civility. The Host answered him, smiling, I wonder, Sir, your eyes should be so dim, as not to see the Sovereign Beauty you speak of, having her so near you; that is she that is just now entring the Yard, whom you are so desirous should accompany your Niece, which I suppose may easily be compassed, for I guess you go all one way. I know not, answered the Cavalier, whether the Lady will agree to it. *Donna Margareta*, who had over-heard their Discourse, answered, Yes, Sir; and I shall take it for a great honour. At least, Madam, replied the Cavalier, you will find in the Lady that comes along with me a Sister not only in Beauty and good Grace, but also in her desire to serve you, and in me an humble Servant. On the contrary, Sir, replied *Donna Margareta*, you and she shall find me ready to serve you upon all occasions: And if my Beauty do not equal that of the young Lady your Niece, yet I will so far endeavour to make amends in the conformity of my will to hers, that her desires

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and mine shall be the same. For me and my Nièce, said the Cavalier, I promise you that we will strive by our behaviour in this Journey, to let you see that our chiefest study shall be to please you. Upon this *Donna Margareta* took leave of him, to go see if her Husband were awake, without giving leave to the Cavalier to renew his obliging language, onely making him the civillest obeisance she could.

Donna Margareta entring her Chamber, found her Husband awake, and ready to arise; whereupon she told him all she had seen, and the good Company she had met with to ease the troubles of the remaining Journey. *Don Sebastian* was hugely pleased, at his Wifes Discourse, principally when she exaggerated the Beauty of her that was so desirous of her company; and wish'd that Time's Wings were a little swifter, he longed so to see this Lady, whom his Wife had painted to him with so advantageous a Discourse. He arose very joyful of the contentment which he hoped for from this new Company, which put Wings to his haste in making himself ready, telling his Wife that his Head-ach had left him, and that he found himself so

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lively,

lively, that he should think himself unworthy of that blessing, if he did not testify his gratitude and satisfaction, by putting on the most sumptuous of his Apparel; and that besides, it was fit he should appear something extraordinary in such noble Company, to make himself appear in the lustre his Condition required. In this design of changing his Sure occasions this Discourse, the loss of his Cloke (as you have heard) made him desirous to accomplish it; the better to conceal his last nights debauch: So that leaving his former Habit, he took another very gentlemanly one, and asked his Wife how it became him; who told him very well, which pleased him extremely: So taking leave of her for half an hour, he went to Mass.

C H A P T E R
T W O

CHAP. II.

DOn Sebastian was no sooner gone out of the Chamber to hear Mass, but Don Sancho and Donna Leonora (for so were our new Guests named) came in to visit Donna Margareta, who was then discoursing with Chimena her Maid, about what they had seen in the Church. After Complements passed on the one part and the other, they sat down, and passed betwixt themselves all the time till Don Sebastian returned from Mass, entertaining one another with words so charming, that none but those two could have made such Complements with so good a grace, and with such gentile reparties as passed betwixt them in this first encounter, and those expressed with so brave an air, that one would have thought that Love had given them his Artifice, to ravish the hearts of all the Hearers. These Entertainments lasted pretty long, till Donna Margareta calling to mind a Person whom she had formerly loved as dearly as her life, and whose Portraiture she fancied she saw drawn to the

life in the Face of *Donna Leonora*, could not speak so discreetly as before, nor give such sharp or subtle replies to *Donna Leonora*, who asked her a thousand questions, for her fancy was so fixed on that dear object, that it had no room left for other concerns. *Donna Leonora* knew, but dissembled her knowledge of the disorder of her spirit, and not seeming to take notice of it, rising up, and taking her by the hand she said,

“ Madam, ’tis a general Rule, That
 “ Persons who enjoy a great contentment
 “ the time seems so speedy, that though
 “ they continued a whole Age in that
 “ licity, it would all seem to have slipped
 “ away in a moment. At this time I have
 “ had a full Experiment of the verity
 “ this Assertion; for though effectually
 “ have had a large enjoyment of your sweet
 “ Conversation, yet methinks I am but
 “ just entring upon the brinks of that deli-
 “ light: Wherefore, Madam, (said she
 “ with a low obeisance) I hope you will
 “ pardon me if I have been troublesome
 “ this my first Visit, which is the first and
 “ greatest happiness I have received
 “ Fortune, in making me happy in this
 “ know

“ knowledge of so deserving a Lady, And as *Donna Margareta* was desiring her to sit down again, and with a thousand careffes to let her know the content and honour she took it for, to be visited by a Lady of her quality, upon this *Don Sebastian* entred, who seeing his Wife in so good company, he (being a complete Courtier) accosted them the best he could, and with very great civility. *Donna Leonora* returned him hers very gracefully, with whose Beauty he was infinitely charmed, and fancied to himself he never saw a more complete one. They began anew their Entertainment, and in less than an hour all their four humours were so exactly conformable, and in so much pleasure and contentment, that after the communicating of one anothers Affairs, and the causes of their Journeys, they contracted amongst themselves an inviolable Friendship, as you may remark in the Sequel of this History.

And for this happy encounter which every one of them had made, they resolved to stay there that day, which they intended to spend in Sports and Pastimes. The pretty *Catalina* did not fail in employing her utmost dexterity amongst them in their

Plays and Dances ; but *Don Sebastian* had his mind so firmly fixed upon a more worthy Subject, that he had no room for admiring her excellencies, though all the rest did highly esteem them. *Donna Margareta*, who fancied that she saw in *Donna Leonora* the lively Image of one who had formerly captivated her Affections, revolved in her mind the continual thoughts of their former Amours, and the contentment which she and her Lover had formerly enjoyed.

The heaviness and trouble which seised her at the remembrance of so sweet former joys, wrought in her the secret Discourses following.

“ O happy time , in which I enjoyed
 “ the sight of my adored *Don Carlos* !
 “ fortunate season ! Would God that I
 “ might find the enjoyment of so delicious a pleasure
 “ as sure as I was blessed with during those
 “ short hours, in the company of so dear
 “ a Person, I had therewith lost the re-
 “ membrance of the good which I see myself
 “ self deprived of in losing thee. And
 “ thou, Angel or Phantasm, which representest
 “ in different Habits the self-same
 “ Lineaments and sweet Behaviour, tell

“ me

“ me, I say, dear Spirit, if he thou repre-
 “ sentest do still continue his affection for
 “ me, and for whom I now feel revived in
 “ me the torments I formerly suffered for
 “ him.

These Complaints, and others such-like, were forging in the Breast of *Donna Margareta*, whilst *Donna Leonora* was making her a thousand caresses. On the other side, *Don Sebastian* and *Don Sancho*, who with divers sorts of Recreations diverted the Company, obliged *Donna Margareta* to keep time with the rest, and by imitating them, strive the best she could to allay the torment which was caused in her by those piercing eyes, which opened afresh those wounds which Love had made when she was in her Father's House.

Our beauteous and complaisant Company passed all the day, as you have heard, in all sorts of Sports and Recreations; and after Supper they resolved to depart the next day early in the morning, which made them go to bed the sooner, but every one with different thoughts. Some of them slept soundly, the others still discoursing to themselves upon that which their Imaginations propounded to their Judgments,

while seeking the means to give satisfaction to their desires, they found a deprivation of the sweetness of sleep, which finding the doors of their Senses shut against his assaults, went nimbly from one of them to the other to seek a retreat, till the weariness of their Bodies abating the forces of their Spirits, constrained them by his hands to pay the Tribute due to Nature.

They all awaked with the dawning of the morning, and made themselves ready with all expedition, suitable to their desires of making a good large Journey that day, bidding the Coachmen make ready the Coach presently, whilst the others truss'd up the Baggage, and they paid their Reckoning. *Don Sebastian, Don Sancho*, and the two Ladies, with *Chimena* and *Scintilla* their Maids, went into the Coach; and the rest of their Servants, mounted upon Mules, rode before them. Whilst the Coach went smoothly along, the Cavaliers and Ladies entertained the time with such agreeable Discourses and amorous Conceits, expressed in such charming Language, that it would have ravish'd the best Wits to have heard the politeness of their Talk, and the union of their Minds.

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They so diverted themselves with this agreeable conversation, that the way did not at all seem long to them ; so that they arrived at *Almagro*, when they thought they had scarce been clear of the Suburbs of *Viso* : and joyful of having cleared so much ground in so short a time, they dined with a good appetite, and passed the rest of the day in viewing the Town, which is a very pretty one. The night being come, they went to bed, and so soon as the day begun to appear, and the Rays of the Sun to gild the tops of the Mountains, they pursued their Journey, without letting slip any moment which was not employed in most agreeable divertisements. They dined that day at *Malagon*, and after continued their Journey with their wonted Pastime : But whilst the rest of the Company thought on nothing but these pleasures, *Donna Leonora* began to complain of the Head-ach, which in the instant changed all their contentments into complaints and regrets. *Donna Margareta* was the first that came to help her, and bound a Handkerchief fast about her Head, which notwithstanding, she still continued the complaint of her afflicting malady. Her sighs and groans were so many

many thunder-claps to *Don Sebastian*, each of which split his Heart asunder : His passion he had for her at first sight, was now chang'd from love to pitty, joyn'd with extreme sorrow, fearing that death like a sudden inundation, should drown this new-discovered pleasant Countrey, ere he had time to take possession.

Donna Margareta supported this disaster with no less Commotion of spirit; her outward behaviour witnessing to the Beholders, that her inward malady was nothing inferior to hers whom she bewailed. *Don Sancho* too seemed very much afflicted by his Nieces disaster, seeming no less concern'd lest some further mischief might come to her before they could get her to the Inn of the *Carçuela*, which made him earnest to know of the Coachmen how far it was thither, by whom he was informed, that it was not above a Bow-shoot or two at the most, which much alleviated their sorrows. *Donna Leonora* desired her Uncle to take her out of the Coach, that she might take the benefit of the Air, which he did, and at the same time all the rest of the Company did the same. *Don Sebastian* and *Don Sancho* took her by the Arms, and

con-

conducted her to the Inn, where they were no sooner arrived, but a great swooning so dissipated her Spirits, that they feared she had breathed out her soul in a sigh she gave, sinking down upon their Arms. This so afflicted all the Company, that they were in little better case than she, having scarce power left to run to aid her. *Donna Margareta* was the first, who seeing her dear Companion, the lovely Pourtraiture of her beloved *Don Carlos*, in that condition, presently sprinkled her face with cold water, mixed with the warm tears which this sorrowful spectacle extracted from her fair eyes, which in a little time reduced her Spirits to their former function.

He that should dream of being condemned to a cruel and ignominious death by a Sovereign Tribunal, from whence lay no Appeal, and from whence no Mercy could be hoped for, could not be more joyful when with his sleep he finds himself delivered from these black and dismal apprehensions, the terror of which had dissolved him into sweat, than our Company, seeing their spirits revived together with those of *Donna Leonora*. One was so transported with this sudden joy, that he
had

had almost lost the sense of it : The others beholding in the sweet (though languishing) eyes of our sick Lady two glistering Stars, with which Love, drawing the curtains, and dissipating the clouds of her eye-lids, astonished the beholders, were more amazed than the solitary Shepherd, who having never been out of the sight of his own homely Cottage, comes to view the proud and sumptuous Buildings of stately Courts and opulent Cities.

Having laid her upon a Bed, they went to fetch her some refreshments, the fittest for one in her condition to take. *Donna Margareta's* solicitous care would not permit her to leave the Beds side, but, like the Mother that has lost her onely Infant, the repository of all her worldly comfort, and finding another the exact Picture of it, does kiss and cherish it with her tenderest affections, still supposing to hold in her Arms the true one, which Death had cruelly deprived her of: So this afflicted Lady, seeing her dear *Don Carlos* his Picture in the face of *Donna Leonora*, testified her satisfaction in tender kisses and gentle embraces, the sick Lady not moving her head the while; onely to witness to *Donna Max-*
gareta

gareta the content she took in her Careffes, she joyned her Lips to hers, and kissed her with such tender sighs, that she seemed even to swoon betwixt her Arms.

But though 'tis fit my Pen should take a little scope to ramble in this Narrative, 'tis convenient it therein take the shortest path to arrive at the mark at which it aims, and the Reader impatiently expects: And my opinion is clearly this, That to recount Adventures of this nature, it is improper to amuse the Reader with unprofitable Circumlocutions, who for the most part troubled with a tedious and superfluous Discourse, casts it carelessly in a corner of the Room, there to lye contemned, for an impertinent Prater. This for the future I intend diligently to observe, though hitherto I may seem to have been somewhat peccant. Therefore, Reader, take a little breath, and prepare thy attention, if thou beest curious to know what is contained in the ensuing Chapter, whose pleasure may chance deserve thy attention in the reading, if their novelty do not cause thy admiration when read.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

THe Sun already wearied with having run so long a course through the tedious Circle of the spacious Zodiac, was disharnelling his Horses, to plunge with them into the Ocean, his ordinary nocturnal Retreat; and the serene unclouded, though somewhat darkned Sky, was already expecting the approach of beauteous *Cynthia*, when *Don Sebastian* and *Don Sancho* came to present *Donna Leonora* with their Conserves and Sweet-meats; but her chearful Countenance had already displayed the Flag of Health, and her pleasant Words discovered the lightness of her Heart. This (says she) was nothing but a sudden qualm; but now, I thank God, I find that quite vanish'd, and my perfect Health taken possession of its former habitation: In the mean time, like sick persons let us eat these Confectures, and as healthy take care for Supper to be made ready; and to make it appear that I am now so perfectly well, that your further care of me is needless, I intend to sup amongst you.

you, and with my wonted contentment re-enjoy our former diversions.

She had no sooner said this, but all, to testify the interest they had in her recovery, studied who should invent the most pleasant Stories and new Divertisments to please her, till a Page interrupted them, by telling them Supper was already upon the Table. After Supper, for their better digestion, they took a turn in the Fields near the Inn, and after returned to the House, with a design to go to Bed betime, and ordered the Hostess to lay clean Sheets upon the Bed. But she whose Head was little troubled with that care, as one that had seldom been used to make more Beds in the House than her own, answered them admiringly, saying, I wonder, Gentlemen, that you, who, I am sure, have travelled not onely this Road, but through all *Spain*, should be ignorant that many Inns, especially in such a Desert place as you may know this to be by the very name of it (which is called * *Carçuela*) have no more Beds but for their own Families; which is the reason that all Travellers strive to stretch on to the next great Town,

and

* The Spanish word *carças*, signifies thorns and briars.

and never stay to lie there; no more than you, I suppose, would have done here, had it not been for this Ladies Distemper : But all that I can do for you, is to give these Ladies my Bed : And for you, Gentlemen, the inconvenience you will suffer this night for want of a Bed, will serve to moderate your joy for the Ladies sudden recovery, and you may pass your time the best you can by saying your Prayers in this Book (throwing a Pack of Cards upon the Table) for there is no other remedy, if you dispute till to morrow.

We must be contented then, said *Don Sancho*, and let us shuffle the Cards; for *Cesar* himself has suffer'd a great deal more hardship, when he travell'd through *Germany* in the midst of Winter amongst Ice and Snow. I wish (said *Don Sebastian*) this may be the greatest mischief that I shall ever be forced to undergo; for it is not long since, in a Night-adventure (meaning that at *Vise*) I would gladly have bought this safe divertisement at a good many Ducats : But go you to Bed, Ladies (said he) if you please; for for our parts, we will endeavour to divert our selves at Picquet, or some other Game, and pass the night as merrily

merrily as we can : And you, Madam *Leonora*, be sure you do nothing to my Wife ; for if you do, you and I must quarrel to morrow morning, if I know it. They all laughed at these words of *Don Sebastian* ; and the Ladies would have excused themselves from going to Bed, because they thought it uncivil to lye at their ease, whilst the two Cavaliers suffered the incommodity of sitting up. Upon this, the Host arriving, said to them, Pray Ladies go to Bed ; for I intend to play this Purse of Reals with my Masters here, and I should not be well content to have you by, for the sight of a suspected person is not more offensive to a jealous man, than the presence of a Wife to him that plays with her Husband. These, and some such other Discourses, took up a certain space of time, till the Ladies, vanquish'd by the importunity of the Company, went to Bed, and left the Cavaliers to their Gaming.

The End of the Second Part.

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THE



THE
AMOROUS TRAVELLERS
OR THE
Night-Adventures.

PART III.

CHAP. I.



NOT to hold you long
in suspense about what
I have to say in the ensuing
Discourse, I will imitate
the Painter, who having
completed the Picture of
a beauteous Woman, does with
two strokes of his Pencil upon her Face, two
upon her Breast, and two betwixt her
Thighs, change her instantly into a Man.
So I at present will in less than six words
endeavour to change *Donna Leonora* into

Don Carlos ; not with prodigious Stories ; and alledging things that never were , but only let you know in short, that *Don Carlos* was the Son of a certain Duke , whose name we shall for certain reasons conceal, as being unnecessary to this Narrative : It may suffice to say, that his House was not far from that of *Donna Margareta's* Father. For his Beauty I refer to what is said already, I having before exaggerated it to so high a perfection under the Habit of a Woman , that the fairest of this time might have just cause to envy it. It may yet seem miraculous to find in *Don Carlos* so rare a Beauty as we have described, who though never so complete and handsom a Cavalier, should in this disguise seem but foul and deformed , compared to the excellency of Female Beauty ; or that he, in so different a Habit from his own, should so dexterously behave himself after the Customs and Gallantries of a Lady. I must only say, to remove this difficulty, that *Don Carlos* was a man of a Beauty far beyond the ordinary Masculine one, and always esteemed by those that saw him ; and his wit and address , joyned to the boldness which Love infused into him,

made him every way so complete, that I question whether *Achilles* made a better Girl when he courted King *Lycomedes* his Daughter in that Habit; or whether *Jupiter* took a better shape, when he enjoyed his *Calisto* in that of *Diana*. *Don Carlos* was sent by the Duke his Father at the age of sixteen to study at *Osmus*, an University whose Learning, that flourisheth there, has made it sufficiently known throughout *Spain*. In this place lived *Donna Margareta's* Father, whose House was directly opposite to *Don Carlos* his Lodgings, when the first time he saw her appear through the Window, more beauteous than the Sun rising from the East, quickly became amorous of her; and it was needless for Love to represent the charms of her Beauty a second time, because at this first view he became so smitten, that he yielded up his Liberty to her disposal, sacrificing his Heart to his fair Deity. Time, and Necessity the mother of Diligence, and Love the Mistress of Invention, gave means to our new Lover to discover his Affection to *Donna Margareta*, who no less sensible than he of the wounds of Love, accepted the tender of his Service, and gave him

her Heart in exchange. These Amours continued still encreasing by degrees, whilst none perceived them; but at last their passion so far augmented, that it was impossible to conceal it any longer; and they having no other remedy but a free enjoyment, for those pleasing Flames that consumed their Hearts, resolved to come to the point to which all Lovers tend; which they had accordingly done, had they not been interrupted by the following misfortune.

Don Carlos his Tutor perceiving, amongst others, his new Affection, thought fit to reveal it to his Father, to avoid bearing the blame of his Pupil's fault; for so now a days we term the Love of the Rich to their Inferiors in Estate, which with the Ancients was the least thing considered amongst Treaties of Marriage, who set a far higher value upon Vertue than Money: For what greater happiness can a man enjoy, however highly he be advanced in Fortunes favour, than in stead of the dross of temporal Riches, to enjoy a Woman rich in the more pure ones of Wit and Vertue, which hath been the chief accomplishment desired in a Wife even by the most Barbarous Nations.

Don *Carlos* his Father violently startled at the news of these Amours, took Post immediately to break them, and in a short time arrived at *Osmus*, just time enough to prevent the Marriage, which was then upon point of celebration. This was to them as it happens to a Pilot, who being come even in view of the Harbour desired, and thereby free from suspecting a stop or mishap, finds himself suddenly, by the violence of Winds, and fury and impetuosity of the Waves, driven to a Haven which of all others he would have avoided: Even so our Lovers sped; for the Duke coming, after he had sharply chid his Sons offence in the neglect of his Duty, and contracting Marriage without his Fathers consent, for his Penance he enjoyn'd him two years Exile in *Flanders*, judging (and indeed rightly) that nothing but absence was able to cure his Sons distemper. After which he reproached the Father of *Donna Margareta*, for going about to make a Match so unequal and injurious to him, as that of his Daughter with the Dukes Son. Don *Pedro* (that was the name of *Donna Margareta's* Father) excused himself, saying, that this was the first time

time he ever heard of it; and that he was infinitely sorry his Children should be the occasion either of displeasing or incommoding him, since none was more his Servant than he: But, Sir, (continued he) be pleased somewhat to undeceive your self; for there is perhaps no such inequality in it as you suppose: for though you be Duke, I am a Gentleman of so good a House, that my Ancestors have no reason to give place to yours, either in Nobility, Vertue, or Merits, but rather in some things have much the advantage; for some of them have governed the Kingdom of *Castile* with Name and Dignity of Vice-Roys, which, under favour Sir, is more than I suppose yours could boast of.

These words so provoked the Duke, that he laid hold on his sword to revenge the injury upon Don *Pedro*, who likewise drew his to defend himself; and if some Cavaliers their Friends had not opportunely arrived to part them, there had undoubtedly some mischief ensued: But all things being appeased, they separated, the one home, and the other with his Son Don *Carlos* to conduct him into *Flanders*.

Don *Pedro*, to stop the mouth of the ignorant

norant Vulgar (which is always readier to defame than to praise any one) from uttering words to his Daughters disadvantage, resolved to marry her, which he did shortly after, through a Friends means, with *Don Sebastian*, who is at present the Subject of this Narration.

Don Carlos had not yet finish'd the first year of his Exile, when a Courier from his Mother brought him news of his Fathers death, ordering him upon receipt of that Letter to take Post and return speedily for *Spain*. Whether he received this news joyfully or no, I am not certain, and am as unwilling to discover my Conjectures in these lines, because a natural shame, proper to all good Christians, restrains my Hand, and stops my Pen, and makes me confess that nothing ought to be put in parallel with the Love of our Parents; though Love hath so absolute and puissant an Empire over the Soul, that in former Ages we may read, and in our own see many horrid Examples of the most inhumane and bloody faults that Humane Nature is capable to invent, exercised with the greatest Barbarity imaginable upon their own Blood, to satisfy the brutish appetite

appetite which this furious passion excites in them which are possessed with it, and yield up themselves to the rule of its Tyranny.

Though Don *Carlos* (suitable to Cavaliers of his Age and Constitution) had contracted new Amours since his being in *Flanders*, yet now seeing his way so plain, and all the difficulties removed which not long before combated his designs, all obstacles now being buried in the Grave of his Father, however engaged in other promises of Love in *Flanders*, his inconstant humour continually brought into his fancy the memory of Donna *Margareta*, which represented her to him with the same perfections she before possessed, which so redoubled his ardent desire for her, (backed with the consideration of the delights and joys they had formerly interchanged) that he resolved to marry her, and to quit his interest in any that could claim a title to his Affections in *Flanders*.

Thus resolved, he left *Bruxells*, without taking leave of any one; and transported with the hopes of seeing Donna *Margareta*, he made such a quick dispatch of his Journey, that he arrived at his own home
in

in less than fifteen days, where he staid only to refresh himself after his wearisome Journey, and to pay his last duty to the memory of his dead Father ; which done, he went for *Osmus*, there to consummate his intended Marriage : But arriving there, he understood from his ancient Host that his Mistress was already married, which so afflicted him, and reduced him to so piteous a condition, that his Physicians almost concluded his state to be desperate : At last considering with himself that all his grief and melancholy were unprofitable to the cure of his Distemper, and seeing the impossibility of enjoying her as a Wife, he resolved at least to make her his Mistress. With this resolution he left *Osmus* as secretly as he could, to go for *Ubeda*, Don *Sebastian's* ordinary abode, where he was no sooner arrived, but he heard that Don *Sebastian* in few days intended to go to Court with his Wife.

Don *Carlos* hereby seeing his hopes frustrated, and that this sudden departure would hinder him from seeing her for whom his heart daily consumed in such ardent Flames, began so to afflict himself with his misfortune, that his Domesticks could

could not hope for a long continuance of his life. Don *Sancho*, one of his Gentlemen, seeing his Master in so miserable a condition, his compassion made him assume the boldness to ask the cause. Don *Carlos* having often experimented Don *Sancho's* ability and dexterity in most Affairs, and that he was of a most subtle and inventive wit, made no difficulty of revealing his distemper to him, upon hopes of receiving from him some ease and consolation for his Passion, which the other, without long consulting about the Cure, after his Master's discovering his Wounds to him, told him in few words as followeth: The best advice, Sir, I can at present think on, is, that disguising your self in a Womans Habit, you overtake them at some Inn upon the Road, pretending you are to go the same Journey with them: and for the rest, trust it to me; for I engage within two or three days Journey to bring you to Bed together, without the least suspicion from the Husband: For being attired in Womans Habit, the clearest eye or the subtlest wit will never be able to distinguish your Sex through the beauty and delicate complexion of your Face.

! Don

Don *Carlos* would never have consented to this Disguise, had not Don *Sancho* made him comprehend that it was the only means possible to compass his designs without either difficulty or danger. Finally, his Reasons made our young Duke resolve to follow his advice, and therefore gave order for the making of Womens Habits, the richest imaginable, and another Womans Habit (not so rich as his) for his Page, whom he intended to turn into a Chamber-maid. They parted from *Ubeda* the same day that Don *Sebastian* set out with Donna *Margareta*; but it was pretty late in the evening first, to prevent his being seen in that Habit by some that might know him, which was the reason that he reached not *Viso* till the next morning at nine of the clock, where they found Don *Sebastian* and his Wife, as you have heard.

You know now the substance and reasons of all that is past, as well as my self: Read now what the next Chapter contains, and you will find in it as much content and satisfaction as in the former.

CHAP. II

WE broke off the Thred of our Discourse where Don *Sebastian* and Don *Sancho* bid Good-night to Donna *Margareta* and Donna *Leonora*, who were then going to Bed, and having taken leave of all the Company, the Hostess conducted them to their Chamber, which was well furnith'd the Host being a rich Fellow. Being entred, their Waiting-maids undressed them, and they went to bed together. The Maids having drawn the Curtains, departed the Room, locking the Door after them, as Donna *Leonora* had ordered, that none might enter to disturb them. After this, the Maids and the Hostess, for want of a Bed, went and sate down by the Fireside, where they passed the night as merrily as they could, with the old Stories which the Hostess had heaped up together in her youth.

Don *Carlos* finding himself so near that object which of all others in the World he loved the best, feared to discover himself presently, lest the sudden excess of so great
and

and unexpected contentment should cause some sinister and dangerous accident, as it once hapned to two Lovers at *Madrid*, whose sudden & unexpected happinefs caused them to expire in one anothers Arms : But Don *Carlos*, sometimes kissing her ſnowie Breasts, ſometimes her Lips, more pleaſant and ſweet than the richeſt Spices of *Arabia*, made her all the time all the amorous Careſſes that he could invent. Donna *Margareta* returned him the like, adding a hundred ſorts of Miguardizes and delights, and with ſo much liberty, that Don *Carlos* no longer holding out againſt ſo many Assaults without, and Traitors within, diſcovered to her by little and little (with many gentle Love-fighs intermix'd) who he was, and all the Diſcourſe that you have already heard.

A Father that has already given over his dear and only Son for loſt, has not more contentment to find him ſafe, and embrac'd in his aged Arms, than our Donna *Margareta* when ſhe heard theſe words from her deareſt Friend : but the ſtrangenefs of it ſo faſtned her Tongue to the Roof of her Mouth, that ſhe could not expreſs her amazement in one ſole word : Yet at length rallying

rallying her spirits, and the disloyalty of her Husband working as great a compliance in her as the tenderness of the others affection, these two passions at once so firmly assaulted her, that she embraced him with all imaginable affection. O Lovers infinitely happy! What Pen, though guided by the most ingenious Poet in the World, could describe those ravishing joys and incomparable delights in which your souls so straightly intertwined, do now so amply bathe themselves? What understanding can be so fruitful as to attain to a Style sufficient to express the happy state in which you now find your selves? For my part, I freely confess, that the fluency of my Pen, or strength of my Wit are not able to attain to the accomplishment of that design. Let it suffice then, friendly Reader, to tell thee, That the Cock had already often chearfully saluted the approaching day, when our Lovers were still Captives to Sleeps irresistible Power.

Let us leave them amongst their *Miguar-dizes*, and return to Don *Sebastian* and Don *Sancho*, who, though the Sun was pretty well advanced on his way to our Hemisphere, and their Host had left them
with

with thirty Crowns gains, yet continued their Gaming as hard as ever, the one to endeavour the recovery of a hundred Pistols which he had lost, and the other to prolong the joy his Master then possess in the embraces of fair Donna *Margareta* without disturbance; which was the cause that our Lovers had time not only to contemplate one another by the Light of the Chamber, but also to recount their several Adventures after so long an absence, and how for the future they should regulate their Affairs to conceal their Amours from the World. And as the time flies swiftly from those that pass it so delightfully; so our Lovers thought of nothing less than rising, though the Sun was got a pretty height, till hearing their Maids enter the Chamber, they resolved (though most unwillingly) to rise, and cloath themselves speedily, for fear lest Don *Sebastian* and Don *Sancho* should find them abed, being advertised by their Waiting-maids that they were ready to visit them, because Don *Sebastian* the loser had at two Games recovered a good part of his Money, and was willing to give over with the loss of fifty Crowns.

The

The Ladies were no sooner drest, but the Cavaliers entred their Chambers to give them the *Bon-jour*, and know how they had rested; telling them how they had passed the night, and how the Games had gone through all the Play, concluding with the Praises due to Heaven for the happy recovery of *Donna Leonora*: Yet there were some who (according to custom) said she was hardly throughly recovered, because she looked somewhat thinner and paler than ordinary. Finally, all things being ready for a march, they took leave of their Host and Hostess, who could hardly contain themselves for joy that they had thriven so well by that nights Adventures. Let us a while leave them to congratulate their good hap, and whilst the Coach is running smoothly along, let us a while give scope to our fancies, to consider the deceits that are in the World, and with what crafts and subtilties this sensual Appetite will plain and smooth the greatest rubs and difficulties that oppose the satisfaction of its inordinate desires.

Can any man in the World reasonably boast to know better secrets for the preventing the wanton slips of a Wife, than

to guard her with as many eyes as *Argus*, placing more Sentinels in the House than a wise and provident Captain would do in a Town ill fortified and hard to be defended; for there where suspicions and jealousies reside, we may easily infer that they are watched with care and vigilance, and a man whose spirit is tormented and disquieted with these two Passions, is continually upon his guard. Let a man watch as long as he will, and fix all his cares upon that design; let him even exhaust his spirits with more crafts and devices than *Dedalus* of old, when he invented the *Cretan* Labyrinth: After all this, I am clearly of opinion, that it is as impossible for a man to defend his Honour and his Wifes Chastity from the Attagues of a potent pursuer, who assaults his Wife with Courtship, and batters her with fair words, and undermines her and corrupts the Sentinels with Presents, or deceives them all by Stratagems (especially if her passions and inclinations be on his party) as to hinder the Sun, when he is for some few minutes eclipsed, to return to light us in four days time, or to confine his Rays for fifteen days together to the tops of the *Pyreanean* Mountains,

rains,

tains, without suffering Night to cover the face of the Earth with her dark and obscure Veil. Admit but a few Examples. What should we think of *Danae's* Tower, *Atalanta's* Swiftneſs, *Calisto's* Honesty, *Lucretia's* Chastity, King *Lycomedes* his Vigilancy, *Juno's* Jealouſie, the ſtrict guard kept upon the *Vestals* Purity? What ſhould we judge, I ſay, of this, but that all the Industry of all the Fathers, Huſbands, Brothers, Wives, and Kindred before mentioned, were not capable to prevent *Jupiter*, *Tarquin*, *Achilles*, and and all the reſt, from wreathing themſelves with the Branches of thoſe Trees which they had ſo diligently ſenced? For there is no Stone ſo hard, but the continual dropping of Water upon it will make a breach and decay it; nor no Ox ſo unruly, but he is at laſt made pliable to the Yoke; no Mine, but may be countermined; No Fortreſs ſo high, or ſo difficult of aſcent (if *Philip of Macedon* may be credited) over which an Aſs laden with *Gold cannot paſs; nor any Huſband ſo vigilant, as to be able to hinder the diligent cares and ſubtle underminings of a Lover from ruining the Fortreſs of his Honour. See but the concluſive Example of

Don *Carlós*; and consider what Husband, though ever so jealous or politick, could have prevented the success of such well-founded Designs? Who would have invented such a subtilty as that of Don *Sanchó*, or imagined that a *spanish* Duke, the Gravity of whose Nation even out-does Gravity it self, should suffer himself to be so blinded by so disordered and vile a Passion? And yet Antiquity assures us, that a famous old Poet, whose renown has so long taken up such room in the World, made himself be let down in a Basket through a Window for the Love of a Woman. I conclude therefore, that it is no wonder Don *sebastian* fell thus twice into an accident which he was neither suspicious of, nor provided against; since the most subtle and suspicious do daily the same. But you may wonder at me, that I make so many Considerations upon what serves so little to my Business; that I thus give wing to my Quill, to precipitate me, like another *Icarus*, into a Sea of vain Imaginations, without having any other reward for my Error than a thousand Surnames of Fool and Ignorant. I take Heaven to witness, it is not in my power to do

do otherwise, though I am often more vexed and enraged at my own prolixity, than any one else can possibly be: And then it happens to me as to a Horse unaccustomed to a large Carriere, who at first starting, flurts sometimes to the right hand and sometimes to the left, making a deformed * *Caracol*: So always when my Pen would begin to write after a long diverted Narration, my Fancy finds it self so dull and defective, that it is very difficult for it to return to the Clew of the Discourse which it left before, and wind it up handsomely, without making a great many notorious faults and knotty incongruities.

* Or running
at the Ring.

CHAP. III.

IT is accounted twenty Miles from the Inn of *Carçuela* to the famous City of *Toledo*; The way is so fair and even, in comparison of that which we have left behind us, that a Coachman coming there can hardly make his Horses go quietly, they find the Coach come so lightly along. This alacrity brought them with all speed imaginable within sight of *Toledo*, the beauty and stateliness of whose Buildings causes no small admiration in the beholders. Our Ladies here were desirous to alight within half a League of the City, to take a view of that stately Castle which is so singular an Ornament to the City, where the silver Streams of the River

* Formerly called *Tagus*.
 * *Tayo*, conducted by the incomparable Art of the famous *Jago* of *Cremona* in the Dutchy of *Milan*, arise more pure than the most polish'd Crystal, falling into most costly and curiously wrought Fountains in the Courts of the Castle. Their curiosity also made them desirous to take a view of the magnificence

ficence and incomparable Grandeur of the principal Church in which the happy *Ildefonso* received the * *Chasuble* from the Hands of the Blessed Virgin Mother of God.

* A sort of Copes worn by the Priest at Mass.

All these Rarities, and many others, which this fair Prospect discovered, did so delight the Women, and especially Donna *Margareta* and her Waiting-Gentlewomen, that they begg'd of Don *Sebastian* to spend four or five days in that City, that they who had never before seen such Magnificences, might have a more leisure view of these. Don *Sebastian*, to whom all things were indifferent, provided he enjoyed but the sight of Donna *Leonora*, who was the Center of all his Desires, and the sole Object of his Affections, answered, "Thou dost not consider, my Dear, that my Will so depends on that of our Noble Company, that without them I can resolve on nothing. "I question not (replied Donna *Margareta*) to obtain this favour of Don *Sancho*, if it be your pleasure: And as for Donna *Leonora*, it is enough that she is a Woman, and therefore of the same curiosity of seeing Novelties, as well as of the same

" Sex with me , and therefore I need not
 " doubt of her consent. " Our chance in
 " this is very sinistre (replied Don *Sancho*)
 " to be intreated where we ought to be
 " Suppliants , For I have in *Toledo* an Af-
 " fair of very important concern, which I
 " can conveniently dispatch whilst I tarry
 " here ; and I assure you, Sir, that my care
 " of my own Concerns in this was so
 " small, that if Donna *Margareta* had not
 " desired to stay here, I had passed on with-
 " out mentioning it, for fear of losing
 " such charming Company. " We have
 " been very unhappy (answered Don *Seba-*
 " *stian*) in this, that through all this Jour-
 " ney my Wife and I have had no more
 " opportunity to manifest the amity and
 " affection we have for you , since you
 " could doubt of our granting you that
 " which my Wife made no question of ob-
 " taining without difficulty of you.

Their Discourses had proceeded further,
 for Don *Sancho* (being an excellent Courtier)
 had his Answer ready, if Donna *Leonora*
 had not said, " The fault is in my Un-
 " cles want of Courage ; for he is so bash-
 " ful, that I that am but a Woman, do
 " often both say and do things which my
 " Uncle

" Uncle would not have the boldness to
 " do, for fear of being troublesome. Tru-
 " ly (said Don *Sancho* smiling) I may
 " chance find occasion to be revenged on
 " you both more effectually than you
 " would perhaps desire, and make one of
 " you grant me to be a troublesome Friend,
 " and the other a hardy man. Let us for
 " the present wave these Complements
 " (said Donna *Margareta*) and mind our
 " way ; and, if I be not much mistaken, I
 " see a great many coming towards us on
 " Horseback. It is true (said Don *Sancho*)
 " and it would be convenient to ask this
 " man that comes here who they are. This
 Traveller being asked the question, infor-
 med them, that they were Cavaliers of
 the Countrey, who were returning from
 the City, where they had been seeing a
 Combat of Bulls which had been there
 that day. " And for that reason (said Don
 " *Sancho*, having dismissed the Traveller)
 " it were fit to send to our Servants to
 " attend us, that we may return to take
 " Coach ; for besides these Cavaliers, we
 " shall meet abundance more People that
 " are coming here on the other side ; and
 " it would be a disparagement to us to be
 " seen

"in this equipage on foot. This cannot
 "be done (replied the Company) for, Sir,
 "the Cavaliers you speak of are so near
 "us, that it is impossible for the Coach
 "to be here before them. Then all the
 "means we have to amend this fault (re-
 "plied Don *Sancho*) of letting the Coach
 "go so far from us, is to send them word
 "that they stay near the old Castle,
 "which is in the half way to the City, for
 "it cannot be above a thousand Paces from
 "thence to the City; and whilst these
 "Cavaliers pass by, we may enter into this
 "pleasant Forest, and take the Air amongst
 "the shadows of the Trees; for we have
 "time enough, and too much yet to go to
 "*Toledo*, though we stay there an hour.
 This concluded on, they took a little Path
 which led them to the Forest, where they
 were no sooner entred, but they searched
 for the most convenient and best shaded
 place to repose themselves in, where being
 fate, they were most delightfully diverted
 by the charming Notes of the Nightingale,
 and the melodious Consort of the other
 little winged Choristers: But they pre-
 sently distinguished from the other Notes
 one which sounded more of Art than the
 rest,

rest, which added such a charming sweetness to its natural perfection, that the confused Notes of Birds even seemed to cease, as did the Discourse of our Cavaliers and Ladies, to listen to that Voice, which with most incomparable skill sung this Song.

I.

THe fair Enamel of the Fields,
The pretty Birds sweet Harmony,
The gentle Blasts which Zephyrus yields,
Joyn to make time pass pleasantly.

2.

The Crystal Streams which from their source
Murmuring sweetly, separate,
And after joyning in their course,
Do ravishing delights create.

3.

O're verdant Meads and Fields to walk
On the soft Grass, in Shades repose;
By gliding Brooks to sing and talk,
Where sweetest Flow'rs their leaves disclose.

4.

All choicest sorts of Fruits and Flowers
In Orchards, Fields, and Gardens be,

The

*The pleasant Groves and sweetest Bowers
No pleasure yield t' unhappy me.*

5.

*O, what strange ill disturbs my Peace!
Since what such joys to others brings,
Does make my Sorrows still increase,
And adds weight to my Sufferings.*

6.

*Flowers, Rivers, Shades, Fountains, & Groves,
In vain to me your Sweets you lend:
Inconstant he, another loves,
On whom alone my Joys depend.*

This Song was finish'd with so feeling a sorrow, and such admirable dexterity, that it astonish'd all the hearers, believing that this voice proceeded not from any Mortal, but rather an Angel or Celestial Spirit, that willing to delight himself in the admiration of his own Excellencies, had chosen this Forest as the fittest place to lay his Scene, delighting himself in his own voice, which the Eccho returned with advantage at the end of every Verse: And as they were getting up to turn their eyes towards the place whence this voice came, they heard the

the same Voice make this Complaint.

“There are many chuse the Flowery
 “Meads and pleasant Shades for their di-
 “vertisement : But, alas ! I chuse a seat
 “upon the Bank of this pretty Brook,
 “there to lament the evils I suffer. These
 “fair and shady Trees seem to me more
 “sharp and prickly than Thorns and
 “Thistles : The singing of the Birds seems
 “to me as harsh and disagreeable as the
 “noise of Screech-owls. Alas ! can my
 “eyes behold any thing that does not ad-
 “minister a subject of sorrow and com-
 “plaints, in a place where I find my self a
 “forlorn Exile, and have no other use for
 “my eyes but to shed tears. The Rocks
 “and horrid Precipices, the savage Beasts,
 “and the Rivers which seem to be swell’d
 “bigger with my tears, are faithful wit-
 “nesses of my cruel Martyrdom and affli-
 “cting Torments.

These words ended the Discourse, it be-
 ing interrupted by the storms of sighs and
 showers of tears which flowed from the
 Complainer. After that Storm was a
 little blown over, this Discourse followed
 the former.

“How piercing are my sorrows, that
 “seem

" seem even to penetrate insensible things ;
 " The Groves, as concern'd at my com-
 " plaints , seem continually to resound
 " them to the neighbouring Plains : These
 " Rocks, methinks, seem even cleft with
 " their sorrows , at the mournful Songs
 " with which I alleviate mine. When I
 " consider my self plunged into such an
 " abyss of sadness, banish'd from that
 " light which formerly shined upon me
 " with so propitious an influence, into a
 " strange Countrey, where nothing but
 " mishaps surround me, this is a torment
 " too insupportable. And if amongst this
 " crowd of afflictions Sleep find an oppor-
 " tunity to close my eyes, its operation is
 " contrary to what it is designed for ; for
 " in stead of suspending my cares, and re-
 " freshing my tired Body, my Dreams are
 " so full of disturbance and anguish, that
 " my ordinary moanings and complaints
 " are more supportable than the heaviness
 " I feel when I awake.

Upon finishing these words, she began
 again to bemoan her self with such mourn-
 ful Language as was able to mollifie the
 hardest Rock, saying, " To what end serve
 " these Hands, this lately so much admired
 " Beauty ?

" Beauty, the Nobility of my Birth, or
 " these resentments of my misfortune?
 " Since I am unable to be revenged of this
 " Traytor that has robb'd me of the richest
 " Jewel I had, the loss of which is so
 " much the greater, as it is utterly irrec-
 " verable: A Jewel without which a
 " Virgin becomes like a Flower scorched
 " with the Suns heat, or like the Vine
 " whose tender Branches are pinched and
 " killed by the nipping Frost of a cold
 " Morning. O thou great Sovereign of
 " of the World, who from thy Imperial
 " Throne dost now behold an injustice
 " done me, as great as the most disloyal
 " wretch in the World could commit,
 " side with me in the punishment of a
 " crime as offensive to thy Majesty as inju-
 " rious to my Honour: O leave not
 " this fault unpunish'd, thou who art the
 " firm support of the innocent, and the
 " scourge of Offenders. But, alas! un-
 " happy that I am, what is it I say and
 " wish against him in whom the Destinies
 " have placed all my happiness, all my fe-
 " licity and hopes, and without which my
 " Life is no more able to sustain the assaults
 " of Death, than Snow to resist the heat of
 " Fire.

" Fire. O ye fair Streams of *Tayo*, whose
 " rapid Courses lead you to the beauteous
 " City of *Lisbon*, do me the kindness a lit-
 " tle to deviate, and traversing the desert
 " Rocks of *Siera Morena*, plunge your selves
 " into the sacred *Betis*, and with your confu-
 " sed rumours tell him my soul adores, that
 " his disloyalty and ingratitude have made
 " me breathe out my soul in sighs upon
 " your flowery Banks ; and you my eyes,
 " turn the current of your salt Streams,
 " which you shed day and night, to mix
 " with the fresh ones of *Tayo*, that if that
 " friendly River do me this first and last
 " courtesie, you at least may (which I can
 " never do) kiss the happy Countrey of my
 " once dear Lover.

Her mournful plaints and heavy accents
 ended with such profound sighs and in-
 ward groans, that all the Company rose
 to see whether she (for by her voice and
 discourse they knew her to be a Woman)
 that uttered them had not ended her Life
 with her pittiful Regrets ; and peeping
 through some Branches which spread on
 that side whence the Voice came, they saw
 a Lady sitting by the side of a Rivolet
 which flowed into the *Tayo*, with her Head
 mourn-

mournfully hanging on one side, and her Face towards the Water. Her Hair, though hanging careless, and moved at the discretion of a gentle Wind, was of so lively a colour, that the richest Gold of *Arabia* could not compare with it. She was clothed in a Robe of black Velvet, embroidered with Flowers of Silver, with a Star of Gold in the middle of each of them bordered with Crystal, which joyned the corners of every Flower in unequal measures, being made in the shape of Loops, and button'd with Buttons of the Seed of Pearl: So that it seemed Perfection had joyned all its subtilties in the composing the Garment, as well as the Body. This costly Habit caused as much amazement in the beholders, as the former sight of her lovely Hair had done. Her Head was then bended down upon her Knees, which made them all unwilling to part without knowing who she was, and whether she, who seemed rather a Divinity than a Mortal, were alive or dead. They were going to divide the Boughs which hindred them with their Hands, and cut them with their Swords, and so leap the Rivolet, which winding with a great many

H circlings

circlings and turnings, made an Islet where the Lady sate, but were hindred by the approach of two Women of comely Meen towards the Lady, one of which came and sate down by her, and said to her angrily these words :

“ If I considered, so often as I advise
 “ you of your duty, that my words serve
 “ to no other end but to spend my spirits,
 “ I should trouble you no more with my
 “ Discourse, nor employ my time so un-
 “ profitably, to preach to you that are
 “ deaf to all I say ; and all my Remos-
 “ strances and Reasons, though never so
 “ good and pertinent, have no more influ-
 “ ence upon you than upon a senseless crea-
 “ ture. I call Heaven to witness, and de-
 “ sire no pardon for my sins from thence
 “ if it be not true, that your despair and
 “ melancholy have reduced me to this
 “ state, that they will at last bring me to
 “ my Grave, unless (taking pity of her
 “ that next under God and your Parents
 “ has given you your being) you moderate
 “ your passions, shewing us once more
 “ chearful and contented look. And wou-
 “ der not if I take your Interests so to heart,
 “ and that your sorrow so afflicts me ;

“ since

"since those from whom you hold your
 "Life, and I my Livelihood, have obliged
 "me to it by their Bounty. And what
 "good can you hope for from your sighs?
 "Can one, think you, find any that will be
 "in love with misfortunes and disgraces,
 "for the pleasure they take in bewailing
 "them? Think you that your sad counte-
 "nance and blubber'd eyes will win more
 "upon your wandering perfidious Hus-
 "band (for so he is as strictly as Vows can
 "bind) or sooner reduce him to his duty,
 "than if your lovely Face take up against
 "former Arms, with which you vanquish'd
 "him before? No, no, Love is not in-
 "flamed by such sinister ways, especially
 "having the inconstancy and ingratitude of
 "such a young man for Opponent. Take
 "example by other Ladies, who are so
 "far from striving, like you, to disfigure
 "their Faces, that they use all the Dresse,
 "Fards, Perfumes, Paints, and Pommades,
 "to render themselves more beauteous,
 "and set them off to the best advantage,
 "not sparing for any thing that may render
 "them more lovely, the better to win the
 "hearts of their Lovers. You will tell me
 "now, that Lovers also are subject to
 "sighs,

" sighs, and tears, and complaints ; which
 " if I grant you , you must allow , that
 " though they do it for the present , they
 " blame themselves for it afterward , con-
 " sidering that it is better to pass the time
 " in a chearful enjoyment of what we pos-
 " sess, than to plunge ones self into a Sea
 " of sorrow , which ruins the Beauty,
 " enervates the forces of the Body , and
 " stupifies those of the Soul : For what
 " reason have we to despair , since what
 " seems impossible to day , is very easie
 " oft-times to morrow . You might have
 " remarked this in your own Affairs,
 " which before seemed irremediable ; but
 " the good reception you have had with
 " the King makes us now not doubt of that
 " success which we could scarce hope for
 " before : And I remember that yesterday
 " you said you did not fear but that your
 " Honour was safe , and your Business in a
 " good estate ; and now 'tis strange to see
 " you so changed and afflicted , that if I
 " knew not your inconstant and impatient
 " humour, considering your Affair is in so
 " fair a condition of suiting to your de-
 " sire , I should rather fear this sadness
 " to be an Augury of some future mis-
 " fortune .

"fortune, than a bewailing of the former.

These words were not spoken in vain; they wrought the same effect in this afflicted Lady as Water, which thrown in the face of one in a Swoon, does by its freshness recall the wandering spirits; for they immediately retrived her from that depth of sorrow and melancholy into which the memory of her wrongs had plunged her: for now a modest Blush spread a rare Vermilion over her face, which was pale before; and as ordinarily silence is most suitable to an afflicted spirit, she only shewed her Governante a more chearful countenance than before, telling her, that she would endeavour always to satisfy her desires, and at the same time called her Chambermaid (which was she that came along before with her Governante) to dress her Head, during which imployment she often stroked her lovely Hair with her own fair Hand, which resembled an Alabaster stone upon a Rock of Amber. O beauteous and dear Nets of amorous Hearts! the Bow-strings of Love! O lovely Fingers, capable to play upon our Passions like Virginals, and tune them to any sort of Musick.

Our Company could not then behold

H 3

the

the face of the Lady of the Stars (for so we must call her till we know her right name) nor that of her Governante , who had by a long discourse (which they could not well hear) endeavoured to oppose her consolatory remonstrances to the others grief: Yet they all resolved, though with regret, to depart in ignorance, lest they should be discovered by a Troop of Cavaliers and Ladies which came walking by a Rivolet, and for fear of incurring the censure which the pryers into others concerns merit. They concluded by the circumstances and occurrences beforemention'd, that the Lady of the Stars was a stranger, and that the others that were coming were her Friends and Servants, the most of them; and that making some stay at *Toledo*, she was come to walk and to divert her self in this pleasant place, with all her Family, to endeavour to shun or alleviate the sorrow which her sighs, her tears, and her words had manifested her heart to be clogged withal.

CHA

CHAP. IV.

THe Considerations last mentioned in the foregoing Chapter caused the departure of our Company out of the Shade where they were, returning the same way they came, hoping to meet some body by the way, of whom they might learn the Name of her whom all the Company had such a desire to know: And whilst they were walking gently to the place where the Coach attended them, every one made their particular judgment and remark upon the Lady of the Stars, all but Donna *Leonora*, who ruminating upon what she had seen and heard, found her self somewhat surprized at this rencounter, and therefore listned attentively to the rest, without descanting on it in one word, as the Company did. Don *Sebastian* seeing her somewhat melancholy, approached her to know the cause. Don *Sancho* and Donna *Margareta* seeing his intention, begun to mend their pace, and go a good way before, to give them the means of a private entertainment, in talking of things

H 4

which

which might tend to their future pleasure and contentment. Don *Sebastian* feeling himself hereby at liberty to discover to Donna *Leonora* the sufferings which her Beauty had imposed on him, after having asked her how she did, and whether her discomposure of spirit did not proceed from that of her Body, fell to beholding her with more contemplative eyes than a *Capuchin* or *Chartreux* would do a Portrait of Devotion. He had already begun to accost her with more than *Mercurian* eloquence, but his Discourse was interrupted by the abundance of sighs and sobs, which by the hardness of their passage seemed to be drawn from the very bottom of his breast; but his Love recalling his Courage, and rallying his dispersed Spirits, he took the boldness to take hold of her curious Hand, and pressing it somewhat harder than before, he said with the best grace possible these words following.

“It is the common course of men of
 “understanding, when they find either
 “Body or Mind oppressed by any Malady,
 “first to find out a Person proper and able
 “to heal them, and then to apply them-
 “selves to him for a Remedy, and pur-
 “chase

"chafe a Cure, though accompanied with
 "the sharpest Corrosives. Now, Madam,
 "it is no longer time to dissemble, since
 "your Beauty hath reduced me to that
 "state, that I can find no way instrumental
 "to my cure but by thus casting my self
 "at your feet, humbly to implore your
 "pity, who alone can fit a Plaister to my
 "Wound. The scorching Rays of your
 "Celestial Eyes have kindled such a
 "Flame in my Heart, that nothing but
 "some refreshing drops of Pity can prevent
 "the reducing of it to Ashes, and conse-
 "quently my Body to the Grave. My
 "bashfulness, and the fear of offending
 "you, have hitherto restrained my Tongue
 "from discovering the inward pain I have
 "endured ever since I first saw you; and
 "though I was always the most unwilling
 "man alive to displease you, yet was I still
 "as unable to suppress the Civil broils
 "which Love and Fear raised in my Breast,
 "till at last the former having quite sub-
 "dued the later, has brought me (like
 "the poor harassed Countrey which has
 "long been the Seat of War) to joyn with
 "the Conqueror, because unable to resist
 "him, and so, forced by his Commands,
 "I

“ I thus make use of this happy occasion,
 “ to lay open my Wounds and Torments
 “ to you, not despairing of a Cure from
 “ your Goodness, of that Distemper which
 “ you have been the cause of. The very
 “ irrational Animals teach us this by their
 “ example, who feeling themselves hurt,
 “ do by a natural instinct by their com-
 “ plainings discover it to men, to draw as-
 “ sistance from their pity. These Reasons,
 “ Madam, have made me desirous to ha-
 “ zard your displeasure, to know from
 “ your Sentence whether I must live to
 “ serve you, or die to appease your dis-
 “ pleasure : And if your curiosity make
 “ you desirous to try the influence which
 “ the Rays of your Divine Beauty have up-
 “ on my Spirit, approach but with a re-
 “ gard of pity my sad and afflicted Breast,
 “ and you shall see that the Sun does not
 “ more gild and enliven the sad and me-
 “ lancholy Fields with his warmth and
 “ light, when parting from his nocturnal
 “ Horizon he returns in the Morning to our
 “ Hemisphere, than a pleasing look from
 “ your charming eyes would infuse into
 “ my languishing heart.

I Donna *Leonora*, though more invited to
 laughter

laughter than pity by so pleasant and extravagant a Discourse, yet comporting her self the best she could, and turning her eyes very modestly on one side, she spoke with a low voice these words following.

“ There is no confidence to be put in
 “ Men of this Age, for (as we may see by
 “ the late Example of the fair afflicted
 “ Lady) their treachery and infidelity does
 “ now seem to be arrived at the last stage
 “ of its greatness ; so that every Woman
 “ that shews her self favourable to their
 “ prayers, and condescends to their en-
 “ treaties, finds at once her inconsiderate
 “ facility, and great simplicity in heark-
 “ ning to their deceitful words, rewarded
 “ with shame, contempt, and disdain.

“ O puissant Love (replied Don *Sebasti-*
 “ *an*) give me a perswasive spirit, that autho-
 “ rising my Allegations with the strongest
 “ Oaths, and grandest Exaggerations, I
 “ may leave this fair Incredulous satisfied
 “ of the reality of the torments I suffer for
 “ her. No, Fairest, the revolution of the
 “ Stars, the accidents and inconstancy of
 “ Fortune, nor all the rigorous cruelty
 “ (my Dear Lady) which you can possibly
 “ invent against me, though they be Instru-
 “ ments

“ments violent and strong enough to beat
 “down and ruine the firmest affection,
 “shall never be able to efface your Me-
 “rits printed in my heart, nor the lively
 “Image of your Perfections which Love
 “hath there engraven ; but contrarily, such
 “unhappy miscarriages will still frame new
 “designs of vanquishing the greatest im-
 “possibilities, till at last (like *Hercules*,
 “more advantaged by the difficulty of his
 “undertakings) I thereby win the Palm
 “from all the other Lovers of this Age.

Donna *Leonora* hearing these words, was
 forced to restrain her laughter more
 strongly than before, finding it still more
 earnest to break prison, and would have
 answered him again, had she not been re-
 strained by the fear she had of not being
 any longer able to act well a part so im-
 proper to her Sex: Therefore knowing that
 bare Complements would not serve on
 this occasion, she had recourse to her Eyes,
 which are fitter instruments of deceit than
 the Tongue in such an affair ; since often-
 times a Servant seeing his Mistresses Eyes
 fixed on him, or stealing glances at him,
 does with joy conceive a hope that those
 Eyes are the Messengers of Love, which
 are

are but the Spies of his Imperfections : Besides, the Tongue cannot so easily utter choice or pathetick expressions to the purpose ; for the mind being taken up with the thoughts of something that is most pleasing to it, makes the Tongue unable to belie the Heart, binding it up from its former liberty, and thereby disabling it from saying what it would : But the Eyes the mean time are unconcerned in that passion.

Don *Sebastian* seeing himself so firmly viewed by those Eyes which had before been Burning-glasses to his Heart, imagined his Love to be already victorious, and therefore desirous to lay hold on the occasion, stretched out his Arms to embrace that Body which had the night before been both active and passive in others far more agreeable. Donna *Leonora* shewing a force and address with somewhat more than a Female strength, escaped so nimbly from his Arms, that Don *Sebastian's* ecstasie of joy almost depriving him of sense, he amorously kissed and embraced the Air.

“ O bold Lover ! (said Donna *Leonora*) are
 “ these the means to win my favour ? No,
 “ no, Services and Civilities, courteous
 “ entertainments and generous deport-
 “ ments

ments are the ways whereby Ladies af-
 fections are obtained, and not with such
 rash and daring attempts as this. But
 seeing his astonishment, she continued thus,
 with a more favourable look; "For this
 time, Seignour Don *Sebastian*, I pardon
 you, on condition you fall no more into
 the like offence; and let me entreat you
 that we may mend our pace, to over-
 take our Company, lest my Uncle should
 suspect something of what is past. As
 for the rest, leave it to time, which will
 convince me (though you be never so
 subtle) whether your Discourses proceed
 from a real love, or a feined affection,
 or only to give scope to your Wit, and
 try the strength of my Judgment.

"My death (answered Don *Sebastian*)
 shall satisfie you in that immediately, if
 you have neither faith, nor pity of one
 who loves you more than himself. No,
 no, fear not dying of this distemper (re-
 plied Donna *Leonora*) for your Physician
 will rather try all Experiments which
 shall be judged necessary for your reco-
 very. O my dearest hope and life (said
 Don *Sebastian*) if you keep your word I
 shall account my self the happiest Cava-
 lier

"lier in *Europe*. Content your self for
 "the present with what I have said (answer-
 "ed Donna *Leonora*) for I should be as
 "sorry my rigour should be instrumental
 "to the death of so brave and generous a
 "Cavalier, and one whose exemplary ci-
 "vility has obliged me, as I should be
 "unfortunate if my Uncle should know
 "the care I take for his safety: And let
 "these two Motives oblige us to break off
 "this Conversation for the present.

Don *Sebastian*, notwithstanding the last
 words of this Discourse, was so intranced
 with joy for the former, and even trans-
 ported out of himself, to have received
 an answer so much better than he could
 hope for, that had she not recalled him to
 himself by twice or thrice speaking to him,
 he had been metamorphosed into a Stone,
 like another * *Battus*; but
 recollecting his spirits, after
 such short acknowledgments
 as his sudden ecstasie would
 allow, they marched more nimbly than
 before to overtake their Company, who
 were staying by the way, and talking with
 some Coachmen and Servants whom they
 supposed to belong to the Lady of the
 Stars,

* Whom Mercury
 turn'd into a Stone
 for discovering his
 Theft.

Stars, which indeed proved to be true, and so was that which they before imagined of her; and one of those Servants gave them this account. "Gentlemen, we are Servants "to one of the greatest Lords of *Toledo*, "by whose command we conducted this "strange Lady (which you saw within the "Forest) into that place, which for its "pleasure and divertisements seems to be "a Terrestrial Paradise, that she and all "her Family might recreate themselves "amongst those pretty Flowers and clear "Streamis. And can you not tell me her "Name? (said Donna *Leonora*.) No (said "the Coachman) but I know she is of "great Quality, because the King being "at *Toledo* when she arrived, she waited "on him to require Justice for an Injury "that has been done her by some Grandee "of this Kingdom; and it was reported at "Court, that his Majesty had received her "very graciously, and had no sooner read "a Letter which the Infanta, Governess of "*Flanders*, had sent him in her behalf, and "heard from her the Particulars of the "Cause for which she desired Justice, but "he dispatch'd away a Party of his "Guards to seize upon him she com-
plained

"plained of, though he be very considera-
 "ble at Court ; for the King declared,
 "that Greatness should be no more ex-
 "empt from Justice than Poverty ; and
 "whatever place they have near him, that
 "his Favour shall be no bar to his Justice.
 "For her Beauty, it is beyond compare,
 "and none that have yet seen her but say,
 "they have never before beheld the like,
 "and that it is almost impossible so much
 "Perfection should be possessed by one
 "less than immortal.

Here the Coachman ended his Di-
 scourse, being interrupted by a young man
 of good fashion who stood by, and said,
 "If, Gentlemen, you have a desire to
 "know this beauteous Stranger, as by
 "your Discourse I judge you have, you
 "may easily do it if you please to lodge
 "in our House, where, besides your sa-
 "tisfaction in seeing this Lady, you will
 "find an Inn which, not only in reputati-
 "on, but in effect is one of the best in all
 "*Castile*. In what Quarter of the Town
 "is it ? (said Don Sebastian:) It is (an-
 "swered the young man) in the middle
 "of the first Street which you shall come
 "at after you have passed the *Cocodober*.

I

They

They all agreed to go thither; and having dismissed the Coachmen and the other Servants, they proceeded on their way. They soon got to the Ruines of the Old Castle where their Coach attended them, whereinto being entred, they quickly arrived at the City, and passing through the Bridge-gate, went to lodge at the Inn we just now spoke of, where we will leave them to take up their Quarters, and return to the Lady we left in the Forest.

C H A P.

CHAP. V.

THE duskishness of the Evening had already begun to gain upon the Light, and Night begun to unfold her dark Veil to spread over the face of the Earth : The Gallants begun to return home, satisfied with the Pleasures of the foregoing Day: The jolly Shepherd with his Whistle begun to summon his Flocks, loaded with Wooll and Flesh, to their Folds ; and the Traveller, though wearied with the Labours of the day, doubled his pace, to avoid securely in his Inn the inconveniences of the night ; when this fair Lady of the Stars departed from the pleasant place where we left her, her Governess having first by her solid perswasions and sage counsels retired her from the abyss of sorrow into which she had plunged her self, and after said, It is time for us to return to the City, and I am of advice, that, for the better variety of Recreation, *Dorinda* should sing to her Guittar some pleasant and divertising Song, which may make the way we have to go to the Coach seem shorter.

I will do what you please, Madam, answered *Dorida*; and to testifie my joy to see my Lady so well recovered of her melancholy humour, I will sing you of the Adventures of a *Portuguez* Draper, to whom his Mistris had given an Assignation, which succeeded unfortunately: And though the words of it are none of the subtlest in the mouth of a Maid, yet I will venture on it, Madam, if you please to give me permission. I give it you (replied the Governante) for I partly know the effect of it. Give me my Guittar (said *Dorida*) and for once I will make bold with Modesty. Having taken and tuned it, she plaid so dexterously on it, that she struck an admiration into all that heard it: But when she sung, it was hard to judge whether her Vocal or Instrumental Musick were more delightful. The Song (which was one of the same name in *Spain* as those of *Robin Hood* in *England*) was of a *Portuguez* Draper, who coming to *Castile*, became enamour'd of a pretty young Woman that was lately married to a certain Villager of the Countrey called *The Mancha*; and one day as he was selling her some Cloth, he opened to her his Cloth

and

and Affection together. She who was as cunning as any of her Neighbours, seemed to receive it kindly, but immediately told her Husband of it, who (as crafty as she) ordered her to give him an Assignment to come and enjoy her, which she failed not to do, nor he to come accordingly. He was no sooner unclothed, and one foot in the Bed, but the Husband, who was hidden hard by, accompanied with four or five Friends, entertained him so un hospitably with horrible blows, that though he was naked, and the Weather cold, he was glad that he could get alive out of their hands, and so scape home with his Limbs unbroken, though desperately bruised.

The Verses run pleasantly in *Spanish*, though without Ryme, without which neither *French* nor *English* ones have any grace; and *Dorinda* sung them so gracefully, that all the Company was so well pleased with the *Bastinadoes* of the *Portuguez* Draper, that it was a good while before they could give over laughing; but the Night drawing on, and they being arrived at the place where the Coach attended them, they were forced to end their divertisements, and every one to take their

places in the Coach ; and the Boot being pluck'd up, the Coachman drove so speedily, that in less than a quarter of an Hour they got to the Inn, where Don *Sebastian* and his Company were before arrived, and after much inquiry in the House, not able to learn the Name of the Lady of the Stars, were all retired to their several Beds.

Let us leave them to their Rest, and whilst they sleep, slip back to *Viso*, to see what the matter is there ; for I have heard such a noise, methinks, there, within these three days since we left it, that I fear Fortune has been playing some of her wonted freaks, and changed all their pleasures into sadness ; which, if it be so, you shall know presently in the next Chapter.

The End of the Third Part.

THE



THE
AMOROUS TRAVELLERS,
OR THE
Night-Adventures.

PART IV.

CHAP. I.

I Question not but your memory is good enough to retain the Story I told you of Don *Sebastian's* Cloke, which he left with *Catalina* at *Viso* (on another account than *Joseph* did his with his Mistress) as a recompence for the Courtesie he received of her, or at least to exempt her from the Chastisement her Husband would have given her, if he had not left it to bear off the Blows. The same day that Don *Sebastian* parted from *Viso*, *Roderigo* (a man

as extremely covetous as wicked, being far more desirous of a full Purse than a clear Conscience) went out also towards *Sancta Cruz* to sell the Cloke ; where so soon as he was arrived, and had given the Inn-keeper charge of his things, he went into the Town to find a Broker of second-hand Clothes, or, to speak more plainly, a worse Rogue than himself, to help him to a Chapman for his Cloke, or else to buy it himself. It was not long before he found one of his Acquaintance, to whom (after the accustomed Complements betwixt Persons of their quality) he told him in short the cause of his Journey, Get you home to your Inn (said the other) and stay for me there ; for I will presently bring you the subtillest Taylor in the World, who shall in the turning of a hand so metamorphose and disguise it, that the Owner himself should never know it. *Ro-*
derigo well satisfied with the Broker's promise, returned to his Inn, where, as he was entring, he found himself seised on by two Serjeants, and immediately after heard the voice of another, of somewhat greater authority than the rest, which animated them, as the Captain of a Galley does his Slaves,

Slaves, saying, Hold him fast, my Mates, and take special care he escape not ; for according to the marks given us of him, this is questionless the Thief we seek for.

Roderigo seeing himself taken, and called by his right name, remained so astonish'd that he knew not where he was, and being to answer to the Interrogatories put to him, his fear made him stammer so at every word, that it made all the by-standers think him guilty. Wherefore bringing him to his Chamber, whither presently all the Serjeants and *Alguazils* of the Town entered, partly to aid their Companions if need were, and partly to steal all they could conveniently lay hands on; they presently stripp'd poor *Roderigo* to his Shirt, and search'd him from Head to Foot, to see if they could find any thing of that which had been stoln; but seeing that all their diligence was in vain, not having found about him above fifteen or twenty Reals, of which the Commissary made himself Master, they went presently to seise on a Bundle, which by chance they espied at the corner of the Chamber, and opening it, they found there *Don Sebastian's* Cloke. I'll lose my Head, said the Commissary,

missary, if this be not a Highway-man ; his very looks, and this Cloke, which without question he hath robb'd some body of in these Mountains, betray him. Use me civilly, Master Commissary, (said *Roderigo*, now somewhat better encouraged) for I take Heaven to witness, that if you search from the one Pole to the other, you shall not find an honest man than my self (God bless the King) nor one that makes more profession of Honour : And thank God that these Poultrons hold my hands, for if I were at liberty, I swear by the Eternal ——— that I would ——— O impudent Thief ! (said the Commissary, giving him three or four smart blows over the Pare with a Cudgel) dost thou speak thus boldly to Justice it self ? I assure thee, that if thou bridle not thy Tongue better, I will send thee to the Gallows immediately. I hope God will not give thee the power (said the Prisoner) but I beseech him to let me live (as I hope I shall) to see thee and thy damn'd Companions stretch'd up-on the Wheel.

These words put the Commissary and his Mates in such a rage, that for all the Host cried out on them to let him go, and
he

he would answer for his forth-coming; and although he that had been robb'd, being there, cried out, Let him go, Sirs; for he that you torment so cruelly is not the man that robb'd me; for all this these enraged Officers (having the Law in one hand and Cudgel in the other) followed on their merciless strokes, and beat him like Mortar, and after dragg'd him to prison, all bruis'd and batter'd as he was, without giving leave to the Clerk to write his Examination, or draw his Process. The Host being Friend to *Roderigo*, sent presently away to advertise his Uncle of his misfortune, who no sooner heard it, but he came presently to *Sancta Cruz*, which was but two Leagues from *Viso*. Being arrived, he sollicitated the business so diligently, giving ample testimonies of his Nephew's honesty, that those, joyned with some Money which he disburs'd, fetch'd him out of Prison in two days, with the reputation of one of the honestest men in *Spain*.

Having dispatch'd this unlucky Affair, they both returned to *Viso*, carrying the Cloke along with them, which had cost them as much as it did *Don Sebastian* when
he

he bought it new. By the way *Ozmin* (for so was *Roderigo's* Uncle call'd) asked his Nephew whence he had this Cloke which had cost them so much money and trouble. *Roderigo* was ashamed to answer him ; but seeing him persist in and continue his demands , and thinking the business would come out first or last, answered him, I acknowledge, Uncle, that my Wife and I have done you wrong in this concealment. I understand thee not (replied *Ozmin*.) The truth is (said *Roderigo*) my Wife got this Cloke from one that belonged to the Cavalier that lay at your House in my absence. I remember no such thing (said *Ozmin*) for I know not that there has been a Cloke lost in my House this two years ; and if there were, I am not so old but my memory is good enough to remember it. At this rate there must be some Mystery hid in this Cloke (said *Roderigo*, not imagining the loss of his Honour, or his Wifes Chastity) for why should my Wife tell me so, if it were not true ? I know not what mystery there should be (said *Ozmin*) but this I am sure of, that (thanks be to God) there has been no Cloke lost in my House this two year ; for if there had, it would have been

been ask'd for : Therefore either thy Wife deceives thee (if this be true thou tellest me) or else thou hast stole it somewhere else, and wouldest do so to me. I am better assured of my innocence in this business (said *Roderigo*) than of what I should say to it : But if you please, Uncle, to be but patient till we get home, I will either know the meaning of it, or cease to be *Roderigo*. We shall know that anon (said *Ozmin*) and I wish I prove a false Prophet. These Discourses, and others they used by the way about the Money they had disbursed, lasted them to *Viso*, where being entred their House, the first thing they did, *Ozmin* called for his Niece, and the Boy, and Maid; and taking the Cloke out of a Bag, Which of you (said he) knows of any one of those that lodged here lately that has lost this Cloke ? Which of them do you mean ? (said the Boy.) Of those that lodged here whilst *Roderigo* was in the Countrey, said *Ozmin*. Do you mean him (said the Boy) that had a Coat of Tawney-colour'd Cloth embroiderd with Gold ? The very same, said *Ozmin*. It cannot be (said the Boy) for none of them enquired for any. Look you now (said *Ozmin*, turning the

the Cloke, and viewing his Nephew) did I not say as much ? He was going to answer, but was interrupted by the Boy (who therein was even with his Mistris for his former unjust cudgelling) who said very confidently , Sir , this Cloke belongs to none of the Cavaliers you speak of, but to the Cavalier who lay here with his Wife the same night that your Nephew *Roderigo* came home from the Countrey. *Ambrose* is in the right (said the Maid) I know the Cloke by the Lace and the Lining, for Don *Sebastian* gave it me to keep when he came in, and it was in my Master's Chamber till his Page fetch'd it away. That's very true (said *Ozmin*) for going for my own , I found it there. *Catalina* seeing her self convinced by so many Witnesses, and tormented by remorse of Conscience, said no more than if she had been a Marble Statue, knowing that all her feminine craft and subtilty could neither remedy so far gone a mischief, nor contradict so apparent a verity. The name of Don *Sebastian* infused suspicion into the head of *Roderigo* , and that made him call to mind, that the day after his arrival his Wife had her eyes continually fix'd upon him : And seeing that
her

her very looks discover'd her, as well as the testimonies of the Servants, he concluded that the Cloke was an infallible proof of her Adultery : Wherefore taking her by the hand, and leading her into her Uncles Chamber, he spake thus to his Uncle.

“ I must now speak a word or two to this
 “ impudent Woman, to have of her an
 “ entire relation of this Affair; and I firmly
 “ swear by *&c.* That if she confess not
 “ the truth freely, I will be her Executio-
 “ ner my self, and hang her at the Cham-
 “ ber-window. So having shut the Cham-
 ber-door, he begun to recount her subtil-
 ties to her Uncle, and the crafts and inven-
 tions she had used to get Don *Sebastian*
 conveyed out of the Chamber (for he was
 confident they were used to that end.) The
 poor *Catalina* did nothing the while but
 weep, seeing her self more than sufficient-
 ly convicted : But her Husband more near-
 ly touched with the loss of his Honour
 than the sorrow of his Wife, transported
 with choler, took a Cord which he found
 under a Bed in the Chamber, and spoke to
 her as followeth : “ If thou desirest a
 “ longer time to live and repent thy sins, it
 “ is in thy power, if (leaving the custom
 “ of

“ of common Offenders, who by impu-
 “ dently denying their offences foolishly
 “ think to conceal that which is apparent
 “ to all the World) thou tellest me freely,
 “ and without constraint, the naked truth
 “ of what I shall demand : if so, I swear
 “ and promise thee faithfully to pardon
 “ this fault, upon condition that thou ne-
 “ ver commit such another ; otherwise thou
 “ shalt know by the cruel torments which
 “ I have prepared for thee (shewing her
 “ the Cord) that death were a thousand
 “ times more desirable for thee than life.
 The poor afflicted *Catalina*, melting her
 self in tears, begun to look upon her Hus-
 band with a countenance so sad and pittif-
 ful, that (had she been guilty of the great-
 est crime) it had moved compassion in the
 cruellest *Cannibal* or most barbarous *Scy-
 thian* ; and after a while, her sorrow gave
 her leave to utter these words.

“ What would you have me say ?
 “ wretched and unfortunate that I am !
 “ since my words, though never so com-
 “ posed, will be equally fatal with my si-
 “ lence : But since my Offence has brought
 “ me to so extreme a misery, that which
 “ way soever I turn me, I see none but
 “ terrible

"terrible and frightful spectacles, which
 "represent nothing but death, and that
 "with the gratest horrou, let death come
 "then when it will; it cannot but be very
 "acceptable, since it will put an end to
 "all my sufferings : Kill then, *Roderigo*, O
 "kill thy unfortunate Wife, since she hath
 "violated that Faith and Promise she made
 "to thee, and which even the most barba-
 "rous of Women are bound to observe :
 "Let me die then, since I have deserved it,
 "and revenge with thy own hand the inju-
 "ry I have done to thee onely. I confess
 "I have made use of so much impudence
 "in committing adultery with Don *Seba-*
 "*stian*, that I have now none left to deny
 "it; or if I should, there are witnesses
 "enough, besides my own Conscience, to
 "contradict me; even this very Cloke, if
 "it could speak, would testifie against me,
 "and discover my guilt.

This penitent sinner here ended her Di-
 scourse, and her tongue remaining fixed
 to the roof of her mouth, and her courage
 failing her with her strength, she sunk down
 in a swoon upon the floor. Her Husband
 thereupon ran to her to Poniard her, and
 had undoubtedly done it if his Uncle had

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nor

not detained him, who afflicted with this
 accident, and touched with compassion at
 the sighs and tears of his unhappy Niece,
 staid his Nephews hand, and said, " Mo-
 derate a little thy passion, my dear Ne-
 phew, and give not such scope to thy cho-
 ler ; let her live , that is the greatest
 vengeance thou canst take of her, since
 the apprehension of death is a thousand
 times more afflictive to a Criminal than
 death it self : Be patient, there is remedy
 for all , and consider the best way to
 salve thy Honour. I find my self in
 this almost as much offended as thy self,
 and therefore beg of thee that we may
 no further publish our disgrace, because
 yet none knows it besides our selves.
 And think not light of this advice, since
 there are many that if they thought their
 affronts and disgraces were secret, and
 unknown to others, would be so far
 from thus resenting such a private injury,
 that they would rather endeavour to get
 what money they could of the Aggressor
 to keep it so still. Then bridle thy cho-
 ler, and sheath thy Poniard, and beware
 of doing that in haste which thou wilt
 have time enough to repent. That we

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" may therefore consider of what we have
 " to do, come along with me, and let us
 " leave this wicked Woman to her tears
 " and lamentations; whilst we study a cha-
 " ritzement worthy of her offence. With
 these Reasons and some other he got him
 out of the Chamber, and locked the door
 after him; and brought his Nephew to a
 Closet, where taking a Bag out of a Cof-
 fer, wherein there might be about six hun-
 dred Reals, he spoke as followeth.

" I know that the wisest man in the
 " World would find a hard task of it, to
 " resist his just resentments of such an
 " accident; but far harder to pardon his
 " Wife for it: and much more thou, who
 " art naturally of so impatient and chole-
 " rick a temper. I love you both as my
 " own Children, having intended you for
 " my Heirs, and as such I would use and
 " entertain you; but seeing that from this
 " Affair one can expect nothing but some
 " unhappy sinistre accident which might
 " hazard the loss of you both, if I endea-
 " vour not to prevent it by the removal of
 " one, I have to this purpose invented a
 " remedy; which my long experience in
 " the World has brought into my mind,

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" which

" which is this, that thou take this money;
 " and a Horse which I shall give thee (for
 " I can imagine no other cure more proper
 " for the present distemper) and go serve
 " the King for some time in some of his
 " Armies, and I assure my self that time
 " will make thee forget what is past, chief-
 " ly when at thy return thou shalt find thy
 " Wife more humble, more tractable, and
 " more diligent to please thee than before;
 " for Women in her condition find them-
 " selves commonly so confused and aba-
 " med, that never after they dare speak
 " but with great respect, and moreover
 " study nothing but to obey, knowing that
 " their fault has made them forfeit their
 " privilege of Domestick Command.
 These were *Ozmin's* perswasions to his
 Nephew.

Roderigo, who was of himself a jolly
 Fellow, young and hardy, having before
 his Marriage made divers Voyages into
France, Italy, Germany, and the Indies, and
 understood that kind of life as well as ano-
 ther, gave an attentive ear to his Uncle;
 and remembring himself of the time past,
 and his old Camerades, he thought he
 might now with Money in his Purse appear
 better

better amongst them, and find more pleasure in a Military life, than when his indigency forced him to expose himself to a thousand dangers to get a living. He therefore took the six hundred Reals, and three hundred more which he accepted of in stead of a Horse, chusing rather to march on foot with them, than on Horseback without them, and set out the same day, without taking leave of his Wife, and bent his Course towards the *Mancha*; where we will leave him to his Journey, because the chearful voices of pretty Birds tell us that the Morning approaches, and that therefore we are expected by the Cavaliers and Ladies which we left in Bed at *Toledo*, when we returned from thence to *Viso*, to take an Account and make you a Relation of what is passed: And I am afraid they are by this angry at me for engaging my Pen so long in so mean and pitiful a Subject, which was before busied with others of as great concern as any that can be imagined in matters of Love.

CHAP. II.

THe Clock had scarce struck Eight, when all our Company that came from the Inn of *Carçuela* were risen, except Don *Carlos* and Don *Sebastian*, the torment of whose amorous thoughts having kept them waking all night, made them glad to make amends in the morning. Don *Carlos* awaked first, and calling to mind his good fortune the night before at the *Carçuela*, he esteemed himself the happiest man alive, and praised Don *Sancho* a thousand times for his subtle invention, whereby he had had the enjoyment of his Mistress. The contentments he had already received, made him far more earnest than others, and made him far more desirous than before of another nights enjoyment. But seeing the grand difficulties, or rather the absolute impossibilities which obstructed it, as well for the difficulty of continuing his Disguise much longer, as also in regard that the Inns betwixt *Toledo* and *Madrid*, being the best in *Spain*, would never admit of such another device as that

of the *Carçuela*; this consideration put him into such an inquietude, and afflicted him in such manner, as none is able to judge of but such as have felt the like; particularly, when he considered the delicious pleasures he had enjoyed in her Arms, when his eyes beheld her with such infinite delight, and his lips sucked such ravishing *Ambrosia* from hers: It was then, I say, when the past joys coming so freshly into his mind, touched him with such piercing smarts, and irresistible passions, that they reduced him to such a condition, that sometimes he remained without motion like a dead man, and sometimes with such strange and extravagant actions, as if he had been quite besides himself; the poor Cavalier giving sufficient testimony, by such irregular motions, that he was in the height of his distemper, and suffered as great a torment as one in the highest fit and most violent excess of a Fever, being without hope that Don Sancho should give a second help to his pain, which thought made him so weary of this World, that he was almost ready to send himself by a violent death into the other.

The same morning, after all were up except

cept Donna *Leonora* who pretended to be indisposed, Don *Sancho* led out Don *Sebastian* to walk and take the Air in a great Gallery of the House which looked towards the *Corodober*, thereby to give time to Donna *Margareta* to visit Donna *Leonora*, that the two Lovers might have time to content their desires. Donna *Margareta*, that she might not let slip so fair an occasion, as soon as she saw her Husband go with Don *Sancho* to the Gallery, went straight to Donna *Leonora's* Chamber, where they easily found occasions to dismiss their Attendants: What they did there, is fitter for you to imagine than me to recite; I shall onely say, that if Don *Sebastian* (whose impatience not suffering him to stay long in any place, had made him with Prayers to force Don *Sancho* to return to Donna *Leonora's* Chamber to visit her) if he, I say, had deferred his coming but a little longer, he had undoubtedly caught our two Lovers in the fact; for just as they opened the door, they were shuffling the Cards to deal about for another Game: But for all their goods the Fates had ordered it otherwise.

Don *Sebastian* being entred, took a Seat
and

and fate down by Donna *Leonora's* Bed-side, and asked how she did. Donna *Leonora* for the present counterfeiting somewhat a weaker voyce than ordinary, endeavouring by her carriage to shew all the sweets that Nature had endowed her with, told him with two or three deep sighs (Don *Sancho* and Donna *Margareta* having left the Room) that the love she bore him had reduced her to that condition, that unless his compassion and invention did joyn to give a remedy to her malady, her life would assuredly be in extreme danger; assuring him, that all that night she had not closed her eyes, and that her Spirit had not allowed any repose to her Body, whilst she remembred their sweet Entertainments and agreeable Discourses they had had the day before by the way.

It is not questionable whether Don *Sebastian* were not overjoyed at this charming Language, not suspecting the Serpent that lay hid under those sweet Flowers; but even ravish'd with content to see all things so favourable to his designs, he was going to make a long Narrative of the immeasurable love he bore her: but Donna *Leonora's* Servants interrupted him, and for this time

time hindered him by their entrance from employing his Rhetorick to so bad purpose.

So soon as Don *Sebastian* had left the Room, and Don *Carlos* saw himself alone with Don *Sancho*, having dismissed all the Servants, he bid him sit down by the Bed-side, and begun this Discourse. " My dear
 " *Sancho*, if ever Master were obliged to
 " his Servant for the kindness he had done
 " him, I am confident my obligations to
 " thee are greater than ever any have been
 " before; and I question whether if I
 " should make thee Master of all I have,
 " I should ever be able to recompence thee
 " for the grand Obligations in which thy
 " Services have bound me: Assure thy self
 " that time shall make good what I say,
 " and if Heaven spare my life, this deceit-
 " ful Age, amongst all her ingrattitudes,
 " shall not be able to produce one so wor-
 " thy of blame, as my gratitude to thee
 " shall be of praise. If I have not hither-
 " to made appear to thee in deeds an effect
 " answerable to the generosity of my
 " words, thou knowest the cause so well,
 " that it is needless for me to employ more
 " time in informing thee better.

" This I intended to speak (my dear
 " Friend)

" Friend) that I might discover to thee
 " the infinite affection I bear thee, as also
 " to encourage thee in thy designs, and to
 " pray thee as earnestly as I am able, to
 " continue what thou hast so happily be-
 " gun, because in all Enterprizes if the end
 " prove not answerable to the beginning,
 " the undertaker loses not onely the glory
 " of what he has already done, but also
 " runs a hazard of having his Reputation
 " spoiled by the mockeries of those that
 " understand it. I do not mean, my dear
 " Friend, (continued *Don Carlos*, embra-
 " cing him) that thou hast not brought
 " this Affair dexterously to the point I de-
 " sired and thou promisedst, making me
 " enjoy that which I most desired in the
 " World ; but to tell thee more freely,
 " and setting aside all circumlocutions, I
 " would desire thee to set thy hand once
 " more to this Affair, and with thy wonted
 " subtilty and address oblige me once more
 " in what I shall say to thee ; for not onely
 " I, and all I possess, but even Posterity,
 " through the Reputation thou wilt ac-
 " quire, will recompence thee with Im-
 " mortality amongst those of the most re-
 " fined VVits.

Don

Don *Sancho* seeing him speak to him with such grand civility, answered him the most discreetly he could possibly : But Don *Carlos* hurried on by the excess of his passion, had not the patience to let him finish his Discourse, but interrupting him, begun again as followeth. " The torment
 " that my soul endureth, to see me constrained to separate from my dear Mistress
 " without any appearance of a possibility
 " of another single enjoyment, swells my
 " sufferings too big to be allayed by any
 " thing but death, which will undoubtedly
 " ensue, if thy wit and industry do not
 " once more bring me to a nights enjoyment of her.

" That which you desire, Sir, (replied
 " Don *Sancho*) is not so great a difficulty,
 " but that I could heartily wish that satiating your desires were no bigger, and
 " that your passion would end so soon as
 " my invention could satisfy it in this: But,
 " Sir, to what purpose serves it, if my new
 " Tasks still encrease as fast I finish the old
 " ones; and if in stead of being content
 " with the often enjoying of what you desired, you continue in such a disposition,
 " that you are still ready to begin again,
 " and

"and to play the same Person so often,
 "that at last I fear your Play will grow
 "stale, and your imposture be discovered,
 "and at last change into some signal disa-
 "ster ? I swear to thee upon the faith of a
 "Gentleman (said Don *Carlos*) that to
 "morrow I will take leave of them, if I
 "can content my desire but this one night ;
 "and find but thou an invention for the la-
 "ter, and I engage to make a pretext for
 "the former. Furthermore, thou seest we
 "are near the Court, and in one of the
 "chief Cities of the Kingdom : All these
 "things considered, oblige me to part
 "hence ; for if I should stay longer, I
 "shall be sure to be known, which I
 "would not be for all I esteem in the
 "whole VVorld. Upon this promise
 "(said Don *Sancho*) I engage to make you
 "lye together this night ; and this is the
 "means I shall prescribe : Don *Sebastian*
 "her Husband is passionately in love with
 "you, and enjoys no other light but that
 "of your eyes, believing you to be of
 "another Sex : It is therefore necessary, for
 "the happy success of our Plot, that you
 "shew him the best countenance imagina-
 "ble, and make him believe that your
 "Flame

“ Flame equals his. I have done that this
 “ morning (said Don *Carlos*) to satisfy his
 “ passion the best I could; knowing we
 “ shall not be long together, and that I
 “ have not long to humour his vain impor-
 “ tunity. So much the better, (replied Don
 “ *Sancho*) it is convenient to follow on your
 “ blow, and finally conclude, that if he
 “ come to you this night, he shall find the
 “ Door open, conditionally it be done as
 “ silently as may be, without so much as
 “ a word, lest I should hear, who you shall
 “ make him believe do lie in the same
 “ Chamber with you. And as those that
 “ love ardently do always willingly make
 “ themselves believe what they desire, so
 “ he will make little difficulty to believe
 “ all you shall say. And further, I per-
 “ swade my self, that if thousands of ob-
 “ stacles should obstruct his design, the
 “ imagination of the intended pleasure
 “ would make him resolve to hazard as
 “ many lives, if he had them, to accom-
 “ plish his designs. This done, I will treat
 “ with a Servant-maid in the House, who
 “ is a good lusty wench, and whom I find
 “ to be as tractable as I can desire for my
 “ design, and she I am sure will not refuse
 “ that

“that to a Cavalier, which she is free
 “enough of to others of meaner rank; so
 “that a little Money, and less Courtship,
 “will easily work upon her good nature.
 “I will therefore give her Money to buy a
 “pure Holland Smock and fine Night-
 “dressing, with some rich Perfumes to
 “sweeten her Locks, and other parts, and
 “take away the smell of the Kitchen. The
 “appointment shall be half an hour after
 “Ten in the Evening; and I will order
 “her to be as silent as you shall desire Don
 “*Sebastian* to be: and when you judge the
 “hour to approach, it will be necessary
 “you leave the Chamber to go to your
 “Pages, who for that purpose shall be
 “ordered to leave open the Door, for fear
 “of making a noise; and in the mean
 “time I will keep my Bed, and expect my
 “Damsel, with whom, being come, I
 “will stay a little while, and then rise, and
 “pretend my self very ill at the Stomach
 “with a sudden qualm, and tell her very
 “low, that I would desire her patience a
 “very little while, and I will return to
 “her immediately; and so I will come to
 “you into the Pages Chamber. But first
 “it will be necessary you tell him, that for
 “some

“some reason, which you may easily in-
 “vent, you and I have changed Beds,
 “that so entring into the Chamber, he
 “may turn to the left, and not to the right,
 “and so he will come directly to my Bed,
 “where he will find this fair Lady of the
 “Kitchen, with whom let him pass the
 “night as contentedly as he can; but in
 “the darkness and secrecie that will then
 “be, assure your self he will find all Cars
 “gray: And in the mean time, Sir, with-
 “out pains or danger, you may arrive safe-
 “ly at his Wifes Chamber; where having
 “brought you by this device, I think I
 “may then leave you to your self for the
 “rest. This being finish’d, I think it may
 “be easie to add three or four more Acts
 “to the Play, if you think it worth the
 “Candle. Which being done, we may
 “easily disengage our selves of their com-
 “pany, and return speedily home; for I
 “am afraid my Lady, your Mother, will
 “be in great care for you, hearing nothing
 “of you, and will have just cause to com-
 “plain of our Proceedings, if we add not
 “another invention to our former, to ex-
 “cuse our selves of so grand an absurdity,
 “of staying so long from her without wri-
 “ting

“ring to her : But as for that, let it be my
 “care, and relie upon me, that I have not
 “yet so exhausted my Inventions, but I
 “shall have one left for that purpose to
 “bring us handsomly off. Here Don *San-*
cho ended his Discourle, and Don *Carlos*
 remained as satisfied as the Soldier, who
 the same day of his shewing his Certificate
 of the Services he has done on several occa-
 sions, receives the full recompence of his
 Services, and the accomplishment of his
 desires ; or like a sick person, who by a
 violent Fever being brought to despair of
 Life, sees the fury of it abated on a sud-
 den, and himself able to walk without any
 pain about the Chamber. This resolution
 being taken, Don *Carlos* acquainted Donna
Margareta with it, whose inclinations led
 her to approve well of it, and dispence with
 her Husbands having a new Bedfellow, be-
 ing so well satisfied with her own. Final-
 ly, they studied their Parts so well, that
 before the Sun had finish'd his Carriere,
 they were all ready for the Stage.

The End of the Fourth Part.

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THE
AMOROUS TRAVELLERS,
OR THE
Night-Adventures.

PART V.

CHAP. I.



He half hour past Ten at Night was scarce come, when our mercenary Damsel (desirous to know whether the Embraces of a Cavalier or those of his Servants were more pleasing, having often tasted of the one, but seldom of the other) left her own Chamber for Don Sancho's, more trimm'd and perfum'd than a Countrey Bride ; or like an old Woman, who,

careful

careful to supply the defects of Age with the industry of her Hands, so washes, paints, and polishes her face, that the defaults of Nature being rectified by the supplements of Art, of a wrinkled deformed *Megara*, she becomes a plump and beautiful *Helena*. Being come to the Chamber-door, she open'd it silently, (it being for that purpose left unlatch'd by *Don Sancho*) and, being entred, she shut it as it was before, and presently she found the Bed, it not being the first time she had made such Visits; and could it have been darker than it was, she could easily have done it, being daily so well acquainted with the Chamber. Being in the Bed, I cannot say, nor is it material to the Story, whether the scent of her Perfumes and clean Linen, overcoming that of her Sweat, might work any effects upon *Don Sancho's* Concupiscence, she having spread her Perfumes (and not without reason) over most parts of her Body; or whether (like the Beggar that would deceive his Stomach and Senses, by eating his Bread in the smoke of Flesh-meat) he might fancy that this were some beautiful Lady, and compare her Eyes to Stars (or more properly

to those of an Owl) brightest in the dark, and in that imagination break his intentions, which were onely to stalk under her Belly to another design: However he passed this quarter of an hour I know not; but this I know, that her attractions were not strong enough to keep him beyond it: for, sutable to his design, feigning a qualm, he left her at the quarter of an hours end, and went as softly as he could possibly to his Master in the Pages Chamber, where we will leave them jesting and laughing at what was past, and earnestly expecting what was to come, and Don *Carlos* onely staying for the hour of Affignation, and return to Don *Sebastian*, who also expected his.

Don *Sebastian*, I say, who had thought every minute a year hitherto, till the time came in which he hoped for the full fruition of his dear *Leonora*, in the midst of his tedious expectation of the Clocks striking Eleven, fell into a profound sleep; but whether proceeding from the bare effects of drowsiness, and the ascent of moist Vapours from the Stomach to the Brain, or by a more immediate influence from Heaven, which perhaps moved by mercy

to his Spiritual welfare, as once it was to *Adam's* temporal, used the same means to a contrary end from that which *Adam's* was design'd for, that being in order to his enjoying a Woman, and this to prevent it in *Don Sebastian*: Which of these to attribute it to I know not; but this chief cause of his sleep, working by the other of drowsiness, I am the more inclined to favour, when I consider the effect of it, which was this.

Being newly fallen into a sound sleep, he fancied in a Dream that the Clock strook eleven, (the appointed hour) and he burning with desire of the fruition of his Mistress, leap'd out of the Bed as hastily as the little noise he durst make would permit, and being got into the middle of a great Gallery, into which most of the Chambers of the House opened, he thought he saw a terrible Apparition approach him, at the sight of which he was seised with such horror, that his Hairs stood upright upon his Head; and desiring to return to his Chamber the same way he went out, he saw it appear again on that side him. *Brutus* or *Dion* were not more affrighted when they saw, the one in his Tent, the other in

hia Gallery, those Phantomes which *Platarch* speaks of, than Don *Sebastian* then really was, though effectually but in a Dream; and turning his Head on that side again where he had seen it first, he saw near him a Figure wrapp'd in a white Sheet, the Visage onely appearing, which made him lay hold on his Sword, with his Back against the Wall, and putting himself into a posture of defence against this airy Enemy, which made straight to him, he fancied that by the glimmering light of a Lamp which hung near him, and thereby made the sight more dismal, that it was the Shadow of his Father lately deceased, whom, after having with deep groans twice or thrice pronounced the word *Alas!* with a most pittiful accent, and a pale and gassy visage, he thought he heard pronounce these words.

“Whether goest thou, wicked and de-
 “bauch'd young man? *Alas!* unhappy
 “that thou art, turn thy eyes inwards,
 “and consider that thou livest not like a
 “Christian, but quite contrary, like a vile
 “and impious Libertine, daily crucifying
 “by thy sins him whom thou professest to
 “adore, and from whom thou holdest thy
 “being

"being and subsistence, who (notwith-
 "standing thy obstinacy and hardness of
 "heart) hath hitherto spared thee in order
 "to repentance. Consider how thou lo-
 "sest thy Soul, in indulging thy Body and
 "sensual Appetites, daily striving to out-
 "wade *Sardanapalus* in the stinking Puddle
 "of beastly Lusts, amongst unchaste Wo-
 "men, to be by them fitted for a Sacrifice
 "to eternal Flames: If thou didst but
 "consider the terrour of those Flames that
 "there attend thee, thou wouldest not a
 "minute longer continue in this vile and
 "detestable course of life, but for ever
 "abandoning these execrable *Mege*'s,
 "which have always reduced to extreme
 "misery, and conducted to a deplorable
 "end, those that have prodigally consu-
 "med and unhappily lavish'd away with
 "them their time and substance, and ren-
 "der'd themselves Slaves to them and
 "their brutish passions; thou wouldest
 "then, I say, change thy way of living,
 "being as thou art a reasonable Creature,
 "and professing Christianity, thy aim
 "should be truly Christian, to attain one
 "day to Celestial Beatitude. Finally,
 "forthwith examine thy Conscience, be-

“wail thy sins like another penitent *Mag^d*
 “*dalene*; and delay not to reconcile thy
 “self with God; for thou knowest not
 “how short a time of life he hath allotted
 “thee. And without more words it
 vanish’d.

These words, though seemingly spoken
 in a Vision, wrought a stronger effect upon
 him than the ordinary ones of a troubled
 Fancy; for wakening, he found himself
 bathed in sweat with the apprehension of
 what had pass’d, which so tormented him,
 that he forthwith wept most bitterly. His
 Wife the while, whose expectations had
 kept her waking, admired at his unwonted
 emotions in sleep, and his tears when wa-
 king; but saying nothing, expected still
 that he, thinking her asleep, should go
 and leave room for her Lover: but he,
 whose mind was fixed on better things,
 joyning his hands, and fixing his eyes to-
 wards Heaven, spent the best part of the
 remaining night in such fervent and hearty
 penitence and Prayers, that his Wife lying
 awake and hearing him, it strook such a
 holy sentiment into her soul, that she made
 a firm Vow to imitate her Husband, as she
 had done before in wantonness, so now in

a firm and through repentance; with which good resolution let us leave them expecting to disburthen their Souls to their Confessors, to return to Don *Carlos*, whose Head was filled with worser thoughts.

Don *Carlos* thinking that (the Clock having strook Eleven) Don *Sebastian* was by this time at the place appointed, went to the Door of Donna *Margareta's* Chamber, but finding it shut, he was forced to return, imagining that Don *Sebastian* was not yet come out: He came again an hour after, but found it as before, which made him think that either some indisposition or sinister accident kept Don *Sebastian* confined to his Chamber; wherefore almost despairing of success this night, he went to sleep upon one of the Pages Beds: But his other Affair still running in his head, he arose and went four or five times more, still finding the Door shut as formerly: So quite giving over his design, he betook him to his rest. The Damsel of the Kitchen having also attended the return of Don *Sancho* three hours or more, and seeing he came not, she rose and returned to her Chamber, thinking he had but mocked her.

CHAP. II.

THe Clock had scarce strook six, when our penitent Don *Sebastian* went to Confession to the Fathers *Tentins*, where kneeling before a learned and holy Father, he wept, and confessed his sins, with a sincere and hearty repentance. Having heard Mass in the same Church, and finish'd his Devotions, he came forth to return home, yet intending first to visit the other Churches, and to begin at the great one; but passing into a Lane that comes into the Street call'd *L' Alcana*, or *The Mercers Street*, he met a Man, who no sooner saw and knew him, but stepp'd to him, and gave him a stab with a Poniard near the left Pap, speaking these words so loud that most of the Street heard him, *Die thou Traytor, that hast robbed me of my Honour*; and leaving the Poniard sticking in his Breast, he fled to the Church.

All that saw this ran to him (as the custom is) and carried the wounded man to the next house: There one look'd at him, another wept, one ask'd how it came, one ran

ran for a Chirurgeon, another for Balsom ; another, more wise than the rest, stopped the Blood by Charming ; a thing permitted by the *Spanish* Inquisition, by reason of the great profit that comes by those holy Words : And this, I say, is no foppery ; for I my self have seen divers Persons abandoned for irrecoverable by the Chirurgeons, which one of these Charmers by Prayers and Orisons completely healed in less than eight days. But all their Charms and holy Words availed little for Don *Sebastian*, for it was God's will he should die of that Wound, as we shall see by and by.

The mean time there was so confused a noise and rumour about the Church, as if a great Army had been storming a Town, which was valiantly maintained by the Defendants : At last one might perceive that all this Hubbub proceeded from the Commissaries, and a Troop of *Alguazils* who accompanied them, to lend their assistance to take the Murtherer forcibly out of the Church, the Priests, and many People that assisted them, protecting him ; but notwithstanding their resistance, they entred the Church forcibly, and seised the Murtherer : but being upon the point of carrying

ing him off, the Priests, seeing the Privilege of the Church broken, took heart again, and, assisted by the People, took him away, and brought him into the Church again. The Officers on one side cried Aid for the King; the Priests on the other side, Succour for the Church: The People flock'd in on both sides, which so augmented the bruit and clamour, that it almost seemed to equal that of the Sack of *Constantinople*: But at length the Officers Party proving too strong for the other, carried him forcibly away, and in spite of the Priests hurried him to Prison. Upon this Combustion arriv'd the Governour of the Town, who seeing the Criminal was secured in the Gaol, made the wounded man be carried to his Inn, suitably to his quality.

I will not trouble you with a Relation of Donna *Margareta's* tears and lamentations, nor those of his Friends and Relations, at the News of it: I will onely tell you, that having laid him on a Bed in a low Room, all the People in the House came to see him.

The Lady of the Stars, of whom we have not spoken this long time, had never
been

been out of her Chamber since she came
 from the Forest ; but hearing of this Tra-
 gical Accident of Don *Sebastian*, she ran
 to his Chamber, where she found all in
 tears and lamentations ; and approaching
 to the Bed where the poor Don *Sebastian*
 lay bathed in Blood, but with a chearful
 Countenance, more like a sound man than
 a dying one, and comforted his Wife in
 this manner, (who in the mean time pitti-
 less of her self, tore her Hair, and lamen-
 tably bruis'd her Breast and Face), "What
 "dost thou do, my dearest Wife ? Is this
 "the comfort thou givest thy dying Hus-
 "band, to add a Wound to his Spirit,
 "far worse than that of his Body : Alas !
 "every Hair thou tearest from thy Head
 "pulls my very Soul from my Body.
 "Cease thy tears, my Dear, if thou lovest
 "me ; for if thou knewest the state I am
 "in, in stead of thus afflicting and tor-
 "menting thy self, thou wouldest behold
 "me with a chearful look, and think me
 "so much more happy than I seem misera-
 "ble, as celestial happines exceeds that
 "which is earthly ; for, blessed be God, I
 "have this morning received Absolution
 "for all my sins, and want nothing now
 "but

“but the last sacred *Vaticum*, which I beg
 “of thee as the last Office thou canst do to
 “me, by sending for the next Priest that
 “can be had, for I cannot long expect his
 “coming.

At these last words the Lady of the Stars
 approached to the Bed, trembling like one
 in an Ague-fit, and considering the wound-
 ed Person more attentively than before, she
 dropp'd down at his Feet, saying, Alas, my
 dearest Cousin, to what point have my mis-
 fortunes driven me ! This was all she could
 say, because she immediately fell into a
 Swoon. The by-standers ran to her, and
 taking her up, carried her to her Chamber.
 The mean time the Priest was sent for to
 Don *Sebastian*, and having excluded the
 Company all but Donna *Margareta*, did
 the last Offices to him due to a dying man,
 which he received with great chearfulness,
 and presently his strength decaying, being
 unable to speak a word more besides his
 last Farewel to his Wife, and recommen-
 dation of his Soul to its Creator, gently
 breathed it out into his Arms.

I know not how to express to you Don-
 na *Margareta*'s sorrows and despairs, which
 are as much too great for me to discover,

as

as they were for her to endure ; so great, that they rendred her so deplorably disconsolate, that all that saw it feared she could not long survive her Husband. Let us leave her to her tears, (since our first movements are too violent for our selves to stop, much less for others) to return to the Kinswoman of the Deceased, who returning from her Swoon wept so bitterly, and lamented with such pitteous accents, that they drew tears from the eyes of all the beholders. This while her Governess, who was gone to Mass to a Chappel near the Inn, met by the way with Don *Carlos* and Don *Sancho*, and knew them both, for all the Disguise of the one. They all staid at Mass together, without knowing of Don *Sebastian's* mishap. Don *Carlos* and Don *Sancho*, after the Mass ended, hearing of the Accident, hasted to the Inn. The Governess of the Lady of the Stars, after she had known them, never lost sight of them, but carefully dogg'd them to the Inn, and went straight to her Ladies Chamber with the News, but was there much astonish'd to find her in that condition, and asked the cause, and how this Accident hapned ; many being present, and particularly the

Go-

Governour, who had never left the Chamber from the time that she was brought thither in a Swoon: for, as I have said, and now tell you again to refresh your memory, the Governour had made Don *Sebastian* be brought into the Inn, to know who and whence he was, and those of his Company; but the Beauty of this Lady detained him all this while by her Beds side, to see what would be the issue of so many misfortunes. The Governess having satisfied her curiosity, came and whispered her Lady in the Ear, and told her as low as she could the Adventure she had met with in the Church. This News so comforted her, that she remained almost senseless with an excess of joy for so unexpected an happiness; but at length rallying her spirits, which had been almost as much dissipated by this joy as the former sorrow, and fearing lest delay might ruine an Affair of so grand importance, she asked for the Governour, whom she remembred she had seen in the Chamber a little while before, and he, being not far off, came presently to her. After some few Discourses, the Governour commanded two or three of his Guard to charge the Host to see that none should

should part out of his House, and to take into custody all the Servants of Donna *Leonora*, and of the deceased Don *Sebastian*, and so made all avoid the Room but two Women, himself, and the Lady of the Stars; who seeing her self thus private with him, began this Discourse.

“ I would willingly, Sir, excuse my self
 “ from making you a Narrative of things
 “ so little sutable to one of my Quality;
 “ but I know no other remedy but to lay
 “ open my Malady to you, in whose hands
 “ lies the power of healing it: On you
 “ onely depends my hope, my repose, and
 “ contentment. Give me, if you please,
 “ Sir, one moments audience, and having
 “ learn’d by the relation of my Life the
 “ Chance that brought me hither, you will
 “ have just cause to call it deplorably un-
 “ happy.

The Governour desirous to know whether these Prayers and Supplications tended, promised her his best favour and assistance, and, if need were, to employ all his Friends to that purpose. Upon this promise (said the Lady of the Stars) I trust in the Divine Bounty that all things will succeed happily with me: And having

M

staid

staid a while to take breath, she broke silence as followeth.

CHAP. III.

“ **U**beda, one of the principal Towns
 “ of *Andaluzia*, is the Place of my
 “ Nativity ; my Name, *Hortensia* : This
 “ wounded Cavalier that you see brought
 “ in here is my Cosin, his Father and mine
 “ being own Brothers. I had not attained
 “ the second year of my age when my Fa-
 “ ther went into *Flanders*, to command a
 “ Regiment of Horse under *Ferdinand de*
 “ *Toledo* Duke of *Alva*, with whom he ac-
 “ quired such reputation, by the signal Te-
 “ stimonies of his Valour and Courage,
 “ that the Duke for recompence of his
 “ Services made him Camp-Master-Ge-
 “ neral. But as the best Fortune in the
 “ World is mix’d with bad, Fortune, that
 “ never leaves any one long in the same
 “ state, was pleased to afflict my Father,
 “ by taking out of the World her who had
 “ brought me into it, mixing this mishap
 “ with the happiness he enjoyed in his new
 “ Charge. I had attained the tenth year
 “ of

“ of my life then when my Mother finish’d
 “ hers ; so that the smalness of my age
 “ made me incapable of considering the
 “ greatness of my loss.

“ The renown of my Beauty, which
 “ became an object of admiration to all
 “ beholders, being spread about on all
 “ sides, my Father, as a sage and advised
 “ man, judged that so rich a Treasure
 “ would be unable to guard it self, with-
 “ out the assistance of a Person able and
 “ fit for the protecting and educating a
 “ Daughter of so Illustrious a House; and
 “ therefore unwilling to trust me to any
 “ others Conduct but his own, he took me
 “ out of the House of his Brother, who
 “ was Father to this murther’d Cavalier,
 “ and carried me with him into *Flanders*,
 “ and there presented me to the most Se-
 “ rene Infanta, our Kings Sister, and Wife
 “ of the Arch-Duke *Albert*.

“ In this House I was cherish’d and be-
 “ lov’d of all, especially of the Infanta.
 “ The favours I received seem’d to be the
 “ cause that my Wit became so refined,
 “ and my Beauty so augmented, that com-
 “ ming to the age of fifteen, every one ad-
 “ mired me as the wonder of Nature, and

“ Phenix of my Sex, and consequently
 “ adjudged me the preheminance above all
 “ the Ladies of *Flanders*. But as all things
 “ under the Moon are so far like it, that
 “ they are never firm or durable, and like
 “ the Waves, are onely constant in incon-
 “ stancy, Destiny had designed me this
 “ misfortune, that my Father, loaded with
 “ years, and overcharged with age, paid
 “ his last Tribute to Nature, suddenly sink-
 “ ing into the bottom of the Grave, when
 “ he was arrived to the highest step of For-
 “ tune. Ye malignant Stars, what cruel-
 “ ty did ye shew me at that time ! Would
 “ God you had been so courteous, as when
 “ you took away the Lives of my Father
 “ and Mother, to have bound up mine in
 “ the same Bundle. O how happy had it
 “ been for wretched me to have then en-
 “ dured Destinies utmost rigour, rather
 “ than to live to see my self thus exposed
 “ to such a multitude of misfortunes.

“ But as time remedies all things, and
 “ Women (following the Rule of their
 “ natural levity) are apt to forget that
 “ soonest which they ought longest to re-
 “ member, the Year being past, and my
 “ Mournings thrown off, with them I lost

" the memory of Father and Mother, and
 " changed my sorrow and lamentation into
 " mirth and jollity, as more fit and plea-
 " sant to my Age and Constitution, begin-
 " ning to listen to the Discourses and Ca-
 " jolleries of young Gallants, but always
 " with so reserved a modesty, that the most
 " critical of my Companions could never
 " charge me with an immodest word or
 " dishonest action : And still, as Water
 " sprinkled upon Fire does rather encrease
 " than abate its burning, so my coyness
 " did more augment the violence of their
 " Flames. Thus I entertained my self,
 " till Heaven to punish my private sins,
 " and Love to revenge my slighting of so
 " many of his attempts, did both conspire
 " to wound me mortally with the love of
 " a young Cavalier, Son of a certain Duke
 " of *Andaluzia*, who was newly arrived
 " at Court : And though a seventeen years
 " experience had taught me how little or
 " how bad Fruit is gather'd from such like
 " Amours, yet neither that, the multitude
 " of Examples I had found by reading, nor
 " all the holy Considerations and Religi-
 " ous Resolutions, the Vows, Prayers, and
 " Fastings that I made, nor the firmest Reso-

“ solves I could invent, were able in the
 “ least to efface the Image of Love that
 “ was fixed in my Heart. The many glances of my Eyes did still discover the sentiments of my Soul, and his in recompence returned them with interest. These intercourses, and many others which passed betwixt us, did kindle our Affections into so violent a flame, that at last, vanquish’d by his fair Promises, obliging Letters, and solemn Protestations, back’d with his sighs and tears, and serious Vow of marrying me, I committed to his disposal that unvaluable Jewel which all the Riches of the *Indies* can never retrieve: but this Traytor had no sooner taken possession, but he deserted his Purchase, and leaving the Court, returned to his own Countrey. The condition I then saw my self reduced to, and the extremity of my resentment of such an injury, are as far beyond my words to express, as then my patience to sustain: My Nails revenged upon my Face, and my Fingers upon my Hair, the injury which their enticements had brought me to, and my tearing of my Clothes seem’d to testifie that they had been instrumental

“ mental

" mental to my sufferings. I cursed a
 " thousand times my ill fortune, and as of-
 " ten accused my rash resolution: I was
 " even blinded with the tears, and choaked
 " with the sighs which daily issued from
 " my sorrowful eyes and afflicted heart.
 " I addressed my secret complaints to Hea-
 " ven, not daring to discover them to any
 " beneath it, and privately joyned both
 " my Reason and Imagination, to see if ei-
 " ther of them could find a path to escape
 " these miseries. The best expedient I
 " could light on was, to go cast my self at
 " the Infanta's feet, and recount the injury
 " which this ingrateful and perfidious man
 " had done me; who at first extremely
 " blamed me, but at last shewing her his
 " Letters and Contract written by his
 " own hand, she undertook my Cause, and
 " writ to the King her Brother in my be-
 " half, sending me accompanied with two
 " Cavaliers and two Women, to demand
 " Justice at his hands. Coming to *Ma-*
 " *drid*, I understood that his Majesty was
 " here at *Toledo*, where I arrived the very
 " day that he departed hence; and my
 " fortune was so prosperous, that the same
 " day the King reading my Letters, and

“ understanding my Complaints from my
 “ own mouth, dispatch'd away a Party of
 “ Horse of his own Guards, to seise the
 “ Person of him that had so injured me ;
 “ but Fortune now has at once proved so
 “ favourabe and so contrary to my happi-
 “ ness, that she has this day put my Ene-
 “ my into my hands, and my poor Cousin
 “ into those of Death ; for my Governess
 “ has just now told me, that one of those
 “ Ladies that came along with him is the
 “ same Don *Carlos* in disguise, for whom
 “ my eyes have shed such floods of tears.

“ You see, Sir, the deplorable History of
 “ my Life, and 'tis from you I now desire
 “ advice how to comport my self in this
 “ Affair : And fear not, Sir, but the kind-
 “ ness you shall do me shall be amply re-
 “ warded by the Arch-Duke, the Serene
 “ Infanta my Royal Mistress, and by the
 “ King himself, whose Office it is to see
 “ Justice done to such injured Innocents as
 “ my self.

The Governour heard all this attentively,
 and took such compassion of this afflicted
 Lady, that taking her by the hand, he
 spoke to her the most courteously he could
 imagine, saying, “ Leave this Affair (Ma-
 dam)

"dam) to my management, and I pro-
 "mise you, that without either bruit or
 "process I will accomplish all your de-
 "signs; and if I should be so unhappy as
 "not to obtain of your Husband (for so I
 "may call him) that which I demand, I
 "will carry him Prisoner to the King, there
 "to receive the just chastisement of his in-
 "gratitude; and so doing, I shall accom-
 "plish the desires of his Majesty and the
 "Infanta his Sister, to whose liberal hands
 "I am obliged for all I possess: Besides all
 "this, I was so happy once as to have a
 "particular amity with your Father, being
 "Captain when he commanded the best
 "part of the Army in *Flanders*. But I
 "wish your Governess be not deceived,
 "because it is scarce possible for any man
 "to be Master of that Beauty which both
 "these Ladies possess. Scruple not at that,
 "Sir, (replied Donna *Hortensia*) for he I
 "speak of is one of the most accomplish'd
 "Cavaliers for Beauty that is under the
 "face of the Heavens, and, disguised in a
 "Womans Habit, is able to deceive the
 "most crafty and suspicious Man alive.
 "I will go, Madam, by your permission,
 "(said the Governour) and talk to him
 "im-

" immediately. If you please to do so,
 " Sir, (replied the Lady) you will much
 " oblige me; but I conceive it necessary
 " my Governess first describe to you the
 " fashion of his Habit, and the colour of
 " his Clothes, lest you should mistake
 " another for him. He (said the Gover-
 " ness) that wears the white Damask Gown
 " wrought with Silver is Don *Carlos*: and
 " I do not at all question it; for I saw
 " him at Mass this Morning with Don *San-*
 " *cho* one of his Gentlemen. We shall
 " know him presently (said the Gover-
 " nour;) and thereupon left the Chamber
 " of Donna *Hortensia*, and went to that where
 " were Donna *Margareta*, Donna *Leonora*,
 " and Don *Sancho*; and without saluting
 " them, or making the least semblance of
 " doing so, but looking with a severe coun-
 " tenance (astonish'd at the Beauty of these
 " Ladies) upon Don *Sancho*, he spoke to
 " him with a haughty voice, and rigorous
 " words, as followeth: "'Tis you must
 " either tell me presently who moved you
 " to assassinate so barbarously this poor
 " Cavalier, or expect the Hangman to ex-
 " tract it from you by torture.
 " " I know not, Sir, (answered Don *San-*
 " *cho*)

“*cho*) why you speak to me in this manner,
 “since the nobler a Cavalier is, the more
 “civility and courtesie ought he to express
 “both in words and actions; and after
 “the Information made, and Witnesses
 “examined, if there be found any one
 “that deposeth against me, from the Mur-
 “therer himself, to him that is least con-
 “cerned, let my Head be cut off backward
 “like a Traytor: But withal, if I be ab-
 “solutely cleared, that which you have
 “already said is unjust. The King has not
 “put this Authority in your hand to use it
 “so imperiously, and with such arrogance;
 “but onely to chastise offenders, and pro-
 “tect the Innocent. Gentlemen, (said the
 “Governour) avoid the Room a while; and
 “you (said he to his Guards) go along with
 “them, whilst I speak to this insolent and
 “rash man. So soon as all were gone, the
 Governour began to examine Don *Sancho*,
 and ask him abundance of Questions, to
 which he answered the best he could; and
 after his Examination he made him leave
 the Chamber, and his Guards bring Don-
 na *Margareta*, charging them not to let
 her speak with Don *Sancho*, or Donna *Leo-
 nora*; and having questioned Donna *Mar-
 gareta*,

gareta, he sent her away as he had done *Don Sancho*, still giving the same charge to the Guards. Last of all he made *Donna Leonora* be brought, to whom, after many Demands and Answers, he made this Discourse following.

“ It is no wonder if the ordinary sort of
 “ People of this Age are so inclined to
 “ Vice, since Persons of Quality, without
 “ either fear of God, or respect of the
 “ World, are naturally so averse from
 “ Vertue. In former times Nobility was
 “ distinguish’d, as first of all created, by a
 “ more than ordinary Vertue : but now, on
 “ the contrary, it flies that, and glories in
 “ Vice. This that I say is so unquestionably
 “ true, and so notoriously known, that
 “ through all *Spain* it is brought into a cu-
 “ stom, and practiced, as Theft was for-
 “ merly amongst the *Lacedemonians*, as a
 “ Gallantry. Wonderful miscarriage!
 “ that we who command almost the third
 “ part of the World, and whose Reputa-
 “ tion is spread through all the rest of it,
 “ should have so little rule over our selves,
 “ that in stead of being (as we boast) more
 “ vertuous than others, we should be so
 “ much more vicious, daily committing
 “ such

"such base unworthy actions; that the
 "Nations that are subjugated by us, are
 "most impatient under the yoke of men so
 "much their inferiours in Wisdom, Learn-
 "ing, and Vertue. That a Noble young
 "Duke, whose Valour ought to promise
 "as many Victories as *Alexander* obtained,
 "should so far forget himself and his Re-
 "putation, as to follow after a Woman,
 "disguised in a Habit so vile and abject as
 "that which you now wear, and to in-
 "dulge your Pleasure, to abdicate the
 "Nobility of your Sex, and to range your
 "self amongst those who, in the judgment
 "of all wise men, are esteemed an imper-
 "fection or mistake in Nature.

"Pardon me, Sir, if I speak too freely;
 "and that having knowledge of your fault,
 "in stead of praising it, as your Parasites
 "ordinarily do, I blame and reprove it,
 "since both my Charge and Conscience
 "oblige me to it; and if I should fail in
 "that devoir, I should more justly incur
 "the title of Pusillanimous, than now that
 "of rash or unmannerly. I speak not of
 "the death of this Cavalier your Came-
 "rade, since not having yet made a full
 "scrutiny into it, I know not whether
 "your

“ your hands are stained with it, or no. If
 “ not, (as I desire they may not) all things
 “ may easily be remedied. That which you
 “ have to do at present, is to return to *Flan-*
 “ *ders*, (to which I counsel you as your
 “ Friend and Servant) and there espouse
 “ the Daughter of *Gonsalvo de Mendoza*
 “ Camp-Master-General, whose Honour
 “ you have ravish’d under promise of
 “ Marriage; and thus accomplishing your
 “ Word which you have given her, and
 “ that Promise you have made her in wri-
 “ ting, you will cover or deface the infa-
 “ my you incur by so unworthy an action,
 “ and at the same time acquire the Title of
 “ the most generous and vertuous Prince
 “ in *Spain*: otherwise I must command
 “ you in the King’s Name immediately to
 “ quit this Habit for your own, and ac-
 “ company me to attend his Majesty, and
 “ there, according to the duty you owe
 “ him, do by fair means or foul that
 “ which by love and civility you are obli-
 “ ged to. This you cannot avoid, since
 “ the most Serene Infanta has writ about it
 “ to the King her Brother. To think to
 “ deny what I have said, is in vain, since
 “ Don *Sancho* your Gentleman has con-
 “ fess’d

“fess’d it; and besides, I have had the
 “honour to know you a great while.

CHAP. IV.

IT is not to be questioned whether Don *Carlos* was at once seised with fear and astonishment, hearing the Governour speak so freely, and thereby understanding that his Majesty had been fully informed of the Affair by the Infanta; and he knew the Kings of *Spain* exact so complete an Obedience from their Subjects; and Justice has so impartial a hand over the *Grandeess*, that in my remembrance there was a memorable act to that effect at *Madrid*, where one of the greatest Dukes of the Kingdom, for cudgelling an *Alguazil*, was deeply fined by the President of *Castile*. These kind of Examples stop the most rash and hardy Courages, and makes them moderate their own Choler by seeing the punishment of others, thereby stopping the current of their fiery Youth, and accustoming them to obey the Laws, by the strict observation of which the State is aggrandized, and the Princes Authority maintained.

Don

Don *Carlos*, as well accomplished and crafty as he was, and endowed with an excellent Judgment, seeing himself brought to such a nonplus, redoubles the forces of his wit by the presence of danger, and suiting himself to the present Occurrences, and knowing that good Language would work better effects than all the Menaces and Rhodomontadoes he could invent, to him who would be more provoked than daunted with them, laying aside his effeminate behaviour, with which he had hitherto treated with the Governour, he began this Discourse with the greatest affability and courtesie imaginable.

“To deny, Sir, that the Age in which
 “we live is the most perverse and detestable
 “that ever was, and that Nobility it
 “self is as corrupt and wicked as the vile
 “Populacy, would be a signal absurdity;
 “the daily Examples we see are sufficient
 “testimonies: And it would be an aggravation
 “of my Crime, and a defamation
 “of Vertue, to justify Vice, in being so
 “inconsiderate as to vindicate the fault
 “which I ought rather to be ashamed of,
 “in taking a Habit so unbecoming a Person
 “of my Quality: But I think there are
 “few

few dare take up the first Stone against me upon this subject, since the most virtuous man in the World has not always been able to resist the assaults of Love; and I question whether you can produce one since the Celestial Globe has rolled over the Heads of Mortals, that has not one time or other been subject to it: I avoid Examples, which are so numerous, that to undertake to enumerate them, would be to enter a Labyrinth from which I should never disentangle my self: I onely entreat and conjure one thing of you, for her sake whom you love best, not to refuse me a favour I would beg of you, and then I shall conclude my Discourse in few words. I vow and promise you, upon the Faith of a Gentleman, said Don *Antonio* (for so was the Governour call'd) to do what you desire, provided it be a thing that intrench not upon my Honour or Conscience. It neither shall prejudice the one nor the other, replied Don *Carlos*, smiling. Speak then what you desire, said Don *Antonio*, that I may give you some proofs of the Service I have vowed for

N

“ you.

“ you. I onely ask, said Don *Carlos*, whe-
 “ ther ever Love had a Jurisdiction over
 “ your Spirit? Yes, said Don *Antonio*, and
 “ in such manner, that often transported
 “ by this franrick passion, my extravaganc-
 “ ces, both in words and actions, have
 “ caused laughter in all that knew me
 “ and to this very hour I feel its effects
 “ If perhaps (said Don *Carlos*) you were
 “ yet desirous to enjoy your Amour
 “ would you think it an unpardonable
 “ crime to make use of that Habit your
 “ self which you blame so rigorously in
 “ me, if you were assured of the accom-
 “ plishment of your desires in the enjoy-
 “ ment of your Mistris.

The Governour, after a short time of
 silence, thought it convenient to acknow-
 ledge it, fearing that a denial might be
 wrong to one whom his Soul adored; and
 therefore he thus answered him smilingly:
 “ I should not onely, Sir, for her sake take
 “ upon me this Habit which you wear
 “ which is suitable to a Lady of the best
 “ Quality, but even that of a Kitchen-
 “ wench, to enjoy her who is Mistris of
 “ my Heart, and whose Eyes have kindled
 “ those

those Flames in my Breast which daily consume it. Then, Sir, (replied Don Carlos, smiling) you have much wronged me by your accusation, since you by this seem to possess as much good fellowship as another: And further, you ought to consider, that the ancient Poets, who have always adored *Jupiter*, as he on whom the vast Machine of the Universe depended, have yet introduced him in a Womans Habit to enjoy his fair *Calisto*, and otherwhiles have given him the shape of a Bull to embrace his beloved *Europa*. I have presumed, Sir, to trouble you with this Discourse, to put you in mind that the faults committed through excess of Love may justly claim a privilege of remission above other offences: And, by what I understand, you, that censure with such liberty the miscarriages of others, may justly undergo a reprehension for your own. But laying aside these and many other Reasons which might be pertinent in order to my vindication, as to the point in question, I shall now inform you, that I am not onely willing to accomplish the

" Matrimonial Vow I made to the Lady
 " you speak of, but also to part hence to
 " morrow morning to beg pardon of his
 " Majesty for the fault I have committed,
 " and permission for a Journey into *Flan-*
 " *ders* to seek the dearest Object of my
 " Soul : And I assure you, that what I
 " have already done, was not with a design
 " to deceive her, nor falsifie my Faith ; but
 " onely in order to the obtaining permission
 " of his Majesty and my Mother for our
 " conjunction in the Sacred Union. But
 " all that now remains to trouble me is,
 " the apprehension that this youthful acti-
 " on should come to the Kings Ear, the
 " prevention of which I would willingly
 " purchase with half of what I possess.
 " If, Sir, you promise me (said the Gover-
 " nour) to accomplish what you have said,
 " I will engage to procure that his Majesty
 " shall never know it, and that those of
 " this House shall never publish any thing
 " to your disadvantage, on condition that
 " you be not found culpable of the mur-
 " der of this Cavalier, Husband of Donna
 " *Margareta*. I promise you, upon the
 " Faith of a Gentleman, (replied Don Car-

los)

"los) to perform all this that you desire;
 "and let my Head pay the forfeiture, if
 "the Murtherer do in the least charge me
 "with this Assassinate, or any of my Do-
 "mesticks. Ah, Sir, (replied the Gover-
 "nour) how cordially shall I embrace you
 "if this be true that you have said! And
 "if you please to accompany me but a
 "little way, I shall save you a Journey
 "into *Flanders*, to seek that which you
 "shall find nearer hand.

These words strook Don *Carlos* into a
 great astonishment, being unable to com-
 prehend what Don *Antonio* meant by this
 Discourse, but however he followed him
 into the Chamber of Donna *Hortensia*,
 whom they found late upon her Bed, upon
 a Cushion of Crimson Damask embroide-
 red with Gold, having round about her
 abundance of Violets, Jessamins, and Ro-
 ses. At first Don *Carlos* did not know her,
 partly because her Head was turned on one
 side, and partly for the alteration which
 was caused in her Face by the griefs and
 afflictions she had lately suffered, being
 but newly returned from a Swoon: But
 turning her Head to answer the Governours

Salute, she was presently known to Don
Carlos, who even ravish'd with joy, ran
 to her, to embrace her, with such violence
 that it was beyond her power to hinder it,
 and presently he spoke to her as followeth.
 "O my dearest Life, sweetest Pledge of
 "my Heart, I here cast my self at your
 "Feet, that you may take what vengeance
 "you please upon so unpardonable a
 "crime. Why do you not answer me,
 "my Soul? Why turn you from me?
 "But alas! What is it I demand? What
 "do I say? Or what can I think, that had
 "not the discretion to guard so inestimable
 "a Treasure when I had it in my possesi-
 "on? O that over-ruling Providence,
 "who soundeth the bottoms of our
 "Hearts, and knoweth the depth of our
 "Intentions, whose influence upon my
 "Spirit has made me a thousand times re-
 "pent my ingratitude to this incompara-
 "ble Lady, which I have now the happi-
 "ness to embrace, would vouchsafe to
 "touch hers also, and cause her, by bury-
 "ing my offence in eternal oblivion, once
 "more to bless me with that affection I
 "have so justly forfeited. And why this
 "aversion

“aversion (said he) my better Genius?
 And these words he accompanied with the
 tenderest Caresses he could invent, some-
 times kissing her Rosie Lips, sometimes her
 lovely Cheeks, which had newly changed
 Deaths pale Livery for the most lovely
 Scarlet, and sometimes her Hands more
 white than Ivory, with a violence too
 strong for her resistance. All that were
 present at this Interview were transported
 with joy, and particularly the Govenour
 remained more ecstasied with the pleasure
 he took at our two fair Lovers reconcilia-
 tion, than *Archimedes* when he traced the
 Lines in his Study which defended the
 Walls of *Syracuse*.

Like as green Wood laid on the Fire
 consumes all its moisture before it inflame,
 and after that is spent, takes Fire and
 burns like dry Stubble : So this Lady,
 whose Humidity had all this while been
 distilling through her fair Eyes in pearled
 drops, after its evacuation her Heart be-
 gun by little and little to take hold of the
 Fire of Love ; till at last being come to a
 total Conflagration, she cast her self on
 his Neck, and embraced him with the

same Arms with which a while before she had defended her self against him ; and with all the dearest testimonies of an intire affection, called him her Soul, her Life, her Happiness, sealing each word with a hundred Kisses.

Stay here thy flight, my Pen ; for my Eyes are so dazzled with this ravishing object, that they will no longer serve me to form these Letters, nor my Hands to regulate those Lines I should trace upon this Paper.

It is not to be doubted whether or no the Governour were still more rejoyced with the incomparable Amity of our two Lovers, seeing all his designs thereby prosper to his desire. He approached towards them ; but it was after the appearance of some shame upon their Countenances, they having begged pardon of him for their incivility, since the sudden transport of so unexpected a joy had made their Devoirs to him give place to the resentments of their own good Fortune. But Don Antonio, who was as courteous as discreet, and most advantageously endowed with all the Accomplishments befitting

a Cavalier of his condition, answered them with so civil and obliging language, promising them to employ all his Power and Authority in their service, that both our Lovers were brought to acknowledge that Divine Mercy had regulated their mishaps and disorders by a signal Providence, that by his sage and prudent conduct they might happily arrive to the accomplishment of their desires. And for a further confirmation of their happiness, after they had all three consulted together about what they had to do, having called Don *Sancho*, who was by this time Friends with the Governour, the Governour having cleared him from the aspersions he had laid upon him of having discovered his Masters Secrets, he spoke as followeth.

“ Since you have already done me
 “ the Honour to put the Conduct of
 “ this Affair into my Hands, thereby
 “ judging me capable, by my experience in the Intrigues of Worldly Affairs, to manage it to the best advantage, my advice is, that without further dispute you all enter into two
 “ Coaches,

" Coaches, which I will send you for
 " that purpose this Evening, and be-
 " come my Prisoners in my House : As
 " for the rest, leave it to me, and I
 " question not but the extreme desire I
 " have to serve you, will inspire me with
 " the means of conducting your Affairs
 " to the Point desired. Having said this,
 he took leave of them to go to his
 Lodging, leaving our two Lovers in
 the possession of all the joys imaginable.

Don Carlos already touched with Don
Sebastian's lamentable end, and repent-
 ing himself of his fore-past Life, had so
 far moderated and cooled the Love he
 bore to Donna *Margareta*, that he had
 no further remembrance of her than what
 his Charity obliged him to, considering
 that it was not in the poor Ladies pow-
 er to avoid what had hapned, had she
 been as chaste as *Lucretia*. On the other
 side, his indifference for Donna *Horten-
 sia*, which had hitherto been so great,
 was now converted into so lively Flames,
 that it seemed to him that Heaven had
 transplanted all the Accomplishments he
 before so much admired, from Donna
 Mar-

Margareta to her. Also *Donna Margareta*, whose repentance was first begun by her Husbands devout Prayer, was now become so complete a *Magdalen*, that the continual Currents which from her beauteous Eyes watered her Rosie Cheeks, seemed sufficient to have wash'd clean the most defiled soul, whilst her sighs made an Earthquake in her Body. She still called upon her dear *Sebastian*, who was already bathing in the Floods of unspeakable Joys, which he possessed from the Beatifick Vision.

Reader, stay here a while the speedy current of thy thoughts, to take a short consideration of the volubility and vicissitude of Mundane Affairs. He that is to day over head and ears in Feastings, Plays, and Dances, and immersed in an inundation of Delights, having the richest Canopies over his Head, and Gold and Silk under his Feet; listening to no Discourse but that which tends to Mirth and Laughter; and amongst his Cups and Ladies takes his fill of the most exquisite delights which

Bacchus

Bacchus or *Venus* can make him Master of; him we see to morrow with his Affairs changed into so Tragical a posture, that in stead of these incomparable Grandeurs, all his Accoutrements are but a poor thin Shroud, which invellops his miserable Corps; his stately Lamps and Candlesticks of Gold and Silver, with which before he was usually attended, now changed into four dim Wax Tapers, which burn unprofitably about his wretched Carcase; and all his rare Musick and ravishing Notes changed into the pittcous Lamentations of his Friends and Kindred, with which they mournfully attend his Obsequies. He loves to day that which he will hate to morrow, and he abhors this day that which he will passionately love the next. I could enlarge far enough upon this Subject, were it not a wrong to my Discourse and the Readers patience, which I will endeavour to satisfy by returning to my Narrative.

The Evening was no sooner come, but the two Coaches which Don Antonio had promised our two Lovers arrived

rived at their Lodging, into which they all entred, after a long trouble which they had undergone to perswade Donna *Margareta* to leave the Company of her dead Husband for theirs. Her affliction had reduced her to so pitteous a condition, and her strength was so abated by the excess of her sorrows, that she had scarce enough left to sustain her self: at last, partly by compliance, and partly by compulsion, considering that staying alone in the Lodging some tragical event might happen through her sorrow, she so far complied with their intreaties as to accompany them, after having left in charge with some Women, which the Governour had sent to that purpose, to enthrowd the Body of her dead Husband; and to see performed all the Ceremonies requisite to a Cavalier of his Quality, till all things were prepared for his Funerals.

Being arrived at the Governour's House, Donna *Clorinia* his Wife, with her two Daughters, and a Niece of hers, all endowed with an excellent Beauty

Beauty and incomparable Civility, went out to receive them, and to testify their joy which was caused by the Honour which was done them by their arrival. An hour was spent in the Complements and Caresses usual in such rencounters; and after that they bent all their Discourse to the comforting of Donna *Margareta*, and representing to her whatsoever they thought conducing to the moderating her resentments, and alleviating her sorrows; till at last their sound Advice did so far fortifie and encourage her, that her Countenance testified that her heaviness was somewhat abated, which gave no small content to the Company, who attending the hour of Bed-time, endeavoured to divert her the best they could, by entertaining her with things most suitable to pass the time contentedly.

Bed-time being come, Don *Antonio* took Don *Carlos* and conducted him to his Chamber, Donna *Clorinia* his Lady doing the like to Donna *Margareta* and Donna *Hortensia*, and so every one retired to their several Lodgings, where
we

(191)

we will leave them, till the Sun with his resplendent Rays begin another Course in our Hemisphere, and reserve the remainder of our Narrative for the sixth and last Part of this Book.

The End of the Fifth Part.

THE

(191)

we will leave them, till the 2nd with
the nightingale have begun another
round in our flight, and receive
the remainder of our attention for the
time being, till the 1st of this month.

The end of the fifth part.

THE

De
ha
ab



THE
AMOROUS TRAVELLERS,
OR THE
Night-Adventures.

PART VI.

CHAP. I.



HE Sun was already pretty well elevated, and his ardent Rays begun to annoy the Labourer of the Field, that he was forced to quit his Cart for his ordinary repose, when

Don *Antonio* sent Don *Carlos* a Suit which had been newly made for a Son of his about the same Age with Don *Carlos*,
O whose

whose return from *Italy* he daily expected. The Habit was of pure Gray *Segovian* Cloth, with a Doublet of Cloth of Gold: The Coat was open on both sides, all over-spread with Stars of Gold, and interlaced with a Golden Twist, wrought with such curious artifice, that it composed the rarest Knots that Humane Industry could invent. The Suit being so rich and magnificent, the Cloke, Hat, Ruff, Sword, and all the rest of the Accoutrements were suitable, and became him as well as they would have done him they were designed for: And if before in his Female Habit he seemed a *Venus*, in this his Masculine one he was no less an *Adonis*.

I leave it to the judgment of those Ladies that have already loved, or at present do so, whether his dear *Hortensia* were not highly pleased to see him so advantageously habited, and in a fashion which seemed to her so much more agreeable than that which he had lately cast off: So that no longer able to dissemble the excess of joy which she took in seeing the accomplishment

plishment of her desires, and her self possess'd of what she lov'd more dearly than her life, she lovingly embraced him, bestowing on him an infinite number of Kisses, which brought no less satisfaction to her self than appetite to the Governour's Wife and Daughters, who were all so taken with the sight of this lovely young Duke, that each of them could heartily have wish'd the same liberty, if Modesty, the cruel Tormentor of that Sex, had not kept back and restrained them.

We will leave them all in this pleasant humour (except onely Donna *Margareta*, not yet well cleared of the grief caused by so irreparable a loss) and return to the Murderer of Don *Sebastian*, whom we left in Prison, who was no sooner extended upon the Rack, but he cried out to slacken the Cords, and that he would truly answer to all they demanded of him: Which they having done, he told them his name was *Roderigo Garcia*, Son of *Pedro Garcia* Inhabitant of *Viso*; that he had married a Niece of *Don Alon Gutierrez* an Inn-keeper

of *Viso*, called *Catalina de la Croix*; and that having had certain and apparent proofs of her dishonesty with *Don Sebastian*, she having confess'd that he had lain with her the Night he lodged at *Viso*, he had with his Poniard given her a Recompence for her Treachery and Disloyalty, (which indeed was true; for after he had received the Money of his Uncle for his Charges of going to the Wars, thereby to wear away the sense of this dishonour, the Devil had tempted and incited him to return to *Viso*, and kill his Wife, which he did accordingly.) After which he confessed, that intending to go to *Flanders* to serve his Majesty in the Low-Country Wars, his evil Genius had conducted him to this City, where being arrived, and desirous to see the Great Church before his departure, he had by the way met with *Don Sebastian*, and transported with extreme Choler, and pricked forward with a furious appetite of Revenge, seeing before his eyes the sole cause of his misfortune, and not able to bridle his resentment of the injury,

he

he leap'd to him and stabb'd him.

This was all his Deposition, and all which the Torments could extract from him, though so extremely violent and cruel, being given in the presence of the Governour, that he was scarce carried off alive: For which cause the Governour presently set at liberty all Don *Carlos* his Domesticks, and Donna *Margareta's*, and early the next morning sent the wretched *Roderigo* to the Gibbet, to prevent any Trouble or Sedition in the City; for the Archbishop had sent his Interdict, and Excommunicated the Governour (as the custom is when the Secular Power infringes the Ecclesiastick, as it had done here by taking the Criminal forcibly out of Sanctuary.) And herein they proceed with great severity; for this Interdict hath such efficacy, that there can no Mass be celebrated in any Church till it be taken off. But the Judge proceeding equitably in such Affairs, makes Inquisition whether the Offender killed his Adversary by Treachery, or on equal terms; and if he find that he did it fairly,

fairly, he is obliged to send him back to Sanctuary; but if the Murther was perfidiously committed, then the Judge sends him to the Gibber, and after makes his dead Body be carried to the Church (as the Governour here did with *Roderigo*.) After this the Bishop is obliged to take off the Excommunication, by reason of the scandal it would bring to the Parishioners; especially seeing the Judge has proceeded fairly, and according to Law: And therefore this is but a thing of course; for what reason is there that Churches should serve for a Refuge to Persons so hateful to God and destructive to Man as are Murtherers and Assassines.

After Justice had been executed on *Roderigo*, and all the Services due to the dead had been performed to Don *Sebastian*, they passed some days in Sports and Recreations, Don *Antonio* sparing no cost that might conduce to the contentment of his new Guests; but Don *Carlos* seeing himself more rigorously treated than ordinary by his dear *Hortensia*, did daily consume himself with

with a languishing desire of other privacies than those he enjoyed before Company; for those were all the courtesies he could obtain from her till they were authorized by the indissoluble Bonds of Matrimony, which made him pass his time with such sorrow and melancholy, that those things which served for a divertisement to others, were but an augmentarion of his discontent: Wherefore no longer able to endure the excess of his passion, one day he took *Don Antonio* aside, and brought him to walk with him in a Garden which *Don Antonio* had in a Place called the *Cigarral*, scituate in the most pleasant and fertile place that is near the City of *Toledo*; where being arrived, they entred into a spacious Walk, bordered with many Woodbinds and Jessamins, and shadowed with Fruit-Trees so thick and expanded, that they were proof against the Suns most penetrating Rays in the hottest Summer; where our Duke having a while entertained himself upon various Subjects, at last told *Don Anto-*

nio, " That the most passionate desire
 " that disturbed his Breast, was to ac-
 " complish his Marriage with the great-
 " est expedition possible; and withal,
 " earnestly begg'd his consent and assi-
 " stance, that he might without fur-
 " ther delay go to present himself and
 " his dear *Hortensia* at Court to his
 " Majesty, that he might thence obtain
 " Letters to the Dutchess his Mother,
 " to sollicite her consent to, and pre-
 " sence at the Marriage. Don *Anto-*
nio highly applauded his design, and
 closed with him in his resolution.

They were no sooner returned to the
 City, but Don *Carlos* communicated
 his intention to his Mistress and Don
Sancho, and at the same time ordered
 his Equipage to be ready to depart
 within three days.

It is impossible for me to represent
 to you the extreme contentment which
 all his Friends and Servants received
 from that design, principally the fair
Hortensia, who was so much the more
 overjoyed, when she remembered the
 troubles and miseries she had endured,

and

and considered the unspeakable joy she now possessed : And still acknowledging the Divine Goodness, from which she obtained all these Benefits, she for a grateful acknowledgment continually elevated her Eyes to Heaven : And as the rigours of a tedious Winter make the Spring far more delightful, so all the traverses of her inconstant Fortune made the pleasures of her assured Happiness more delicious.

All things being prepared for their departure, and themselves ready to enter into the Coach, *Donna Margareta* would have taken leave of them ; but *Don Carlos* and *Donna Hortensia* did seriously declare, that they could not consent to her departure : And though our beauteous young Dutchess had some cause of Jealousie, having a strong suspicion of what had past betwixt them, yet this never abated the force of her affection : And though *Don Carlos* had seriously excused himself, by professing that he had changed his Habit for another intent, which for many Reasons was fit to be kept secret,

secret ; yet their Amours having formerly been so publicly known, and she having seen many manifest appearances of it, she inwardly gave little credit to his Protestations ; yet being infinitely sage and discreet, the better to content him, she made no semblance of it , but seemed to credit all he said. Add to this the love she bore to her deceased Cousin Don *Sebastian*, having both been educated together in their tender age, and by whom Donna *Margareta* had a Son ; and further moved with the pity which one ordinarily bears to the afflicted, and the Vertue she had always remarked in her Person , all this made her bear her an intimate affection ; and that the more, when she considered that she was the cause that Donna *Margareta* lost so advantageous a Match as that of Don *Carlos*.

All these Considerations made such an effort upon her Soul, that fearing that all the entreaties of Don *Carlos*, Don *Antonio*, and Donna *Clorinia* his Wife should not be able to prevail with

with her to accompany them, she fell to making such Caresses to her, embracing her so lovingly, and conjuring her with so many tears, that at length her entreaties surmounted the others resolution, and prevailed with her to go along with them, accompanied by all her Train.

Being arrived at *Madrid*, the Governour, that would never abandon them till he had finish'd what he had so happily begun, presented them to his Catholick Majesty. Things there succeeded so happily, that the King and Queen, well pleased at their arrival, made them all the best Entertainment they could expect or desire. All the Grandees then at Court flock'd into the Room, astonish'd at the Novelty, but far more at the Beauty of our two Lovers, to see so many Perfections in Mortal Creatures. The Queen, who had not all this while been able to remove her Eyes from the fair *Hortensia*, with the sole sight of whom she was so highly satisfied, thought her pleasure could not but be
much

much augmented by a nearer approach, which consideration made her so far dispence with that of her Royal Grandeur, that she tenderly embraced her, and kissed her twice or thrice, and at that time entertained an affection for her, which never ended but with her life.

At the same time the King, considering the Duke's graceful behaviour, could not refrain from embracing him, and testifying by his Caresses the content he took in his ready obedience to his Commands, he in requital recompenced him with his Friendship. And to make it appear to Posterity, that the Services of those who have spent their Blood, or hazarded their Lives in their Kings Service, the Defence of their Countrey and Faith, as the late *Gonsalvo de Mendosa* had done, should not remain without a Recompence suitable to their Merits, I give
 "you (said he to [the Duke]) fifty
 "thousand Ducates, to help to buy
 "your Marriage-Clothes. And to let
 "the Infanta my Royal Sister see, that
 "what

" what is pleasing to her is so to me,
 " I intend that the Nuptials shall be
 " at my Charges, and that with a
 " sumptuousness and magnificence sut-
 " ble to the Splendour of the *Spanish*
 " Court.

This said he made him

* put on his Hat; and be-
 cause one told him that

** As the Gran-
 dees of Spain do
 before the King.*

the Dinner was upon the
 Table, the King took him by the
 hand, and placed him at the Table
 with himself: The Queen did the
 same to Donna *Hortensia*; so that our
 two Lovers had this day the Honour
 to dine at the same Table with their
 Catholick Majesties.

In the mean time having sent a
 Courier to the Dutchess Dowager,
 the Duke's Mother, to advertise her
 of what was past, and to beg her
 Company, all things were prepared
 for the Nuptials, and that with such
 care and diligence, that in less than
 eight days all things were made rea-
 dy for that Solemnity. All the Great
 Persons and Cavaliers about the Court
 had

had prepared their Habits and Liveries for the Game called *de las * Cannas*, and those so rich and magnificent, that Are with diversity of Colours seemed to have surmounted Nature it self, which wrought an admiration in all the beholders.

The old Dutchess, Mother of Don Carlos, arriving at *Madrid*, received all the contentment imaginable, worthily accounting that day the happiest of her whole life; and the joy was the more ravishing, after her fears and sorrows for her Son in his absence, fearing lest some sudden mishap had been the occasion of that and his silence.

Madrid had never seen within her Walls greater Magnificences than these: The King, the Queen, the new-married Couple, and the whole Court were so richly Habited, that the sole Embroidery of their Clothes was valued at above six hundred thousand Crowns. I cannot assure you of this for truth,

nor

nor dare I depose it for a verity, lest some Critick catch hold of it for a lie: And besides, I cannot make out absolute proofs of all I have said in this Narrative, nor such plain Demonstrations as are used in Mathematical Rules and Figures; and I think it is fitting for a Writer to embroider his Discourse (as they did their Habits) with a little descanting and enlargement. But to return.

All these rejoycings ended with the day; our new-married Couple, according to the Custom, were conducted to their Chamber, and to a Bed somewhat softer and better accoutred than are ordinarily found amongst the Inns of *Sierra Morena*, or that of the *Carquela*. I suppose it unnecessary to tell you what they did there; for I believe you know as well as my self. The next Morning their Friends came to visit them in Bed, and made themselves merry with the Jests usual upon that Subject: but our two Lovers filled with pleasure, and even ecstasied with the Delights
of

of the Night past, suffer'd all this Raillery as patiently as Gamesters that have won a great Sum at Play would do those of the by-standers.

About fifteen days after, the Governour Don *Antonio* took leave of them to return home; and Don *Carlos* having thanked him for all the Civilities he had received of his Liberality, made him a Present of eight curious Horses. The fair *Hortensia* was no less munificent in her Presents to Donna *Clorinda* and her Daughters, than Don *Carlos* had been to Don *Antonio*, who would not have accepted of the Present but by the importunity of Don *Carlos* his entreaties, which he uttered with an accent that sufficiently testified his resentment of his Civilities, telling him that he would seem to despise his Friendship in refusing this small testimony of it.

He then left *Madrid* to return to *Toledo*, where we will leave him to his Journey (which I have heard since was very prosperous) and return

turn to Donna *Margareta*, because it is now time to speak of her, whom we must conduct to a safe Port (before we draw our Ship into the Dry Dock) where she may happily pass the rest of her days in all the Pleasures and Contentments that a Lady of her Age and Beauty could desire; that afterwards my Pen wearied with writing, and my Spirit tired with so long a Discourse, may have some time to repose, and prepare themselves for another subject.

The beauteous Donna *Margareta*, feeling her self somewhat disburthened of her troubles, and now able to support the weight of her afflictions without the help of her former Company, demanded leave one day of Donna *Hortensia* to depart, and, in recompence of her former Favours, made her an offer of her future Services, with all the submission and civility imaginable.

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The

The fair *Hortensia* understanding by these words that she on whom above all others she had fixed her affection, intended to leave her, without whose company she was not able to live contentedly, nor indeed at all, more than a Body deprived of its Vital Faculties, begg'd her longer stay with sighs and tears enough to mollifie a Tygre, saying, that without her she was the miserablest Creature alive. Don *Carlos* immediately arriving, and seeing his dearer Half thus afflicted, ran to her, fearing some strange accident had hapned, and taking her in his Arms, learn'd from her own mouth the subject of her sorrows; "No, no, (said he) my Dear, I will procure her to stay, if all my Estate, my Supplications, and those of my Friends can have any power to perswade her to it.

Donna Margareta, who never thought before that her departure could

could bring so sensible a grief to the Dutcheſs, repented of what ſhe had ſaid, and to ſhew the zeal ſhe had to her Service, ſhe promiſed her to ſtay with her as long as ſhe deſired: Whereupon Don Carlos ſaid, “ You will wrong the “ Friendſhip, Madam, that we bear “ to you, if you think any longer “ by your departure of croſſing our “ deſigns, which are to procure “ you a Husband ſutable to your “ Quality and Merits; for it is neither juſt nor reaſonable that a “ Beauty like yours ſhould fade and “ conſume it ſelf unprofitably. Upon this the two Ladies embraced one another; and by their Kiſſes and extraordinary Careſſes teſtified the exceſs of their Amity.

Donna *Margareta* remembring what had paſſ'd betwixt her and *Valerio*, the Page of her deceased Husband, when by a ſtrange accident (as you have heard in the beginning of this Hiſtory) he had enjoyed her, and

considering that to live honestly, and to pass the rest of her Life in Sacred Wedlock (without which the most reserved and modest Woman must have an especial Providence from Heaven to live in Chastity) she thought it necessary for the discharge of her Conscience to marry him; which being discovered to her Confessor, he not onely approved and praised her pious resolution, but also enjoyed it as necessary.

Valerio was of higher Blood than Fortune, being the Son of an ancient Gentleman of *Osmus*, whose Estate had been very much impaired by the loss of a great Sum of Money, which being Imbarqued upon a *West-India* Plate-Ship, had been taken by the Low-Country Rebels Fleet; and he being thereby much impoverished, and having many more Children to provide for, had presented this, being a well-bred and rarely accomplish'd Youth, to wait upon

upon Don *Sebastian*, at his Marriage with Donna *Margareta* at *Of-
fins*, who had always a great affection to him for his dexterity and wit, till at last fortune raised him to this Happiness.

Donna *Margareta*, as I have said, having taken this resolution, imparted it to Don *Carlos* by one of her Gentlemen ; but he at first, not knowing the cause of her Resolve, did much resist it, wondering to see a Lady of her Quality desiring to be married to a young man who not long before was Page to her Husband : But at last, seeing her resolution immovable, he consented to it, and gave him for a Portion ten thousand Ducats on his Marriage-day, making him Superintendent of his House.

And thus having brought him to this happiness, in the enjoyment of the fair Donna *Margareta* ; and Don *Carlos* in that of his dear *Hortensia*,
we

we will leave them there in all the felicity they could enjoy or hope for, to consider from the Occurrences of this Narration the Vicissitude of Humane Affairs, the Deceits and Wiles that are daily practiced in the World, the Changes of Fortune, and the Misfortunes that daily pursue Unlawful Actions.

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